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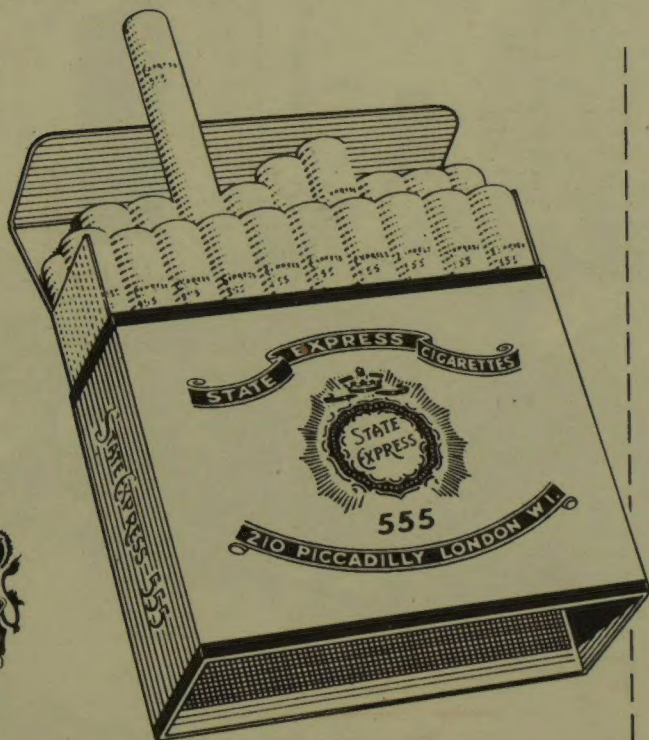
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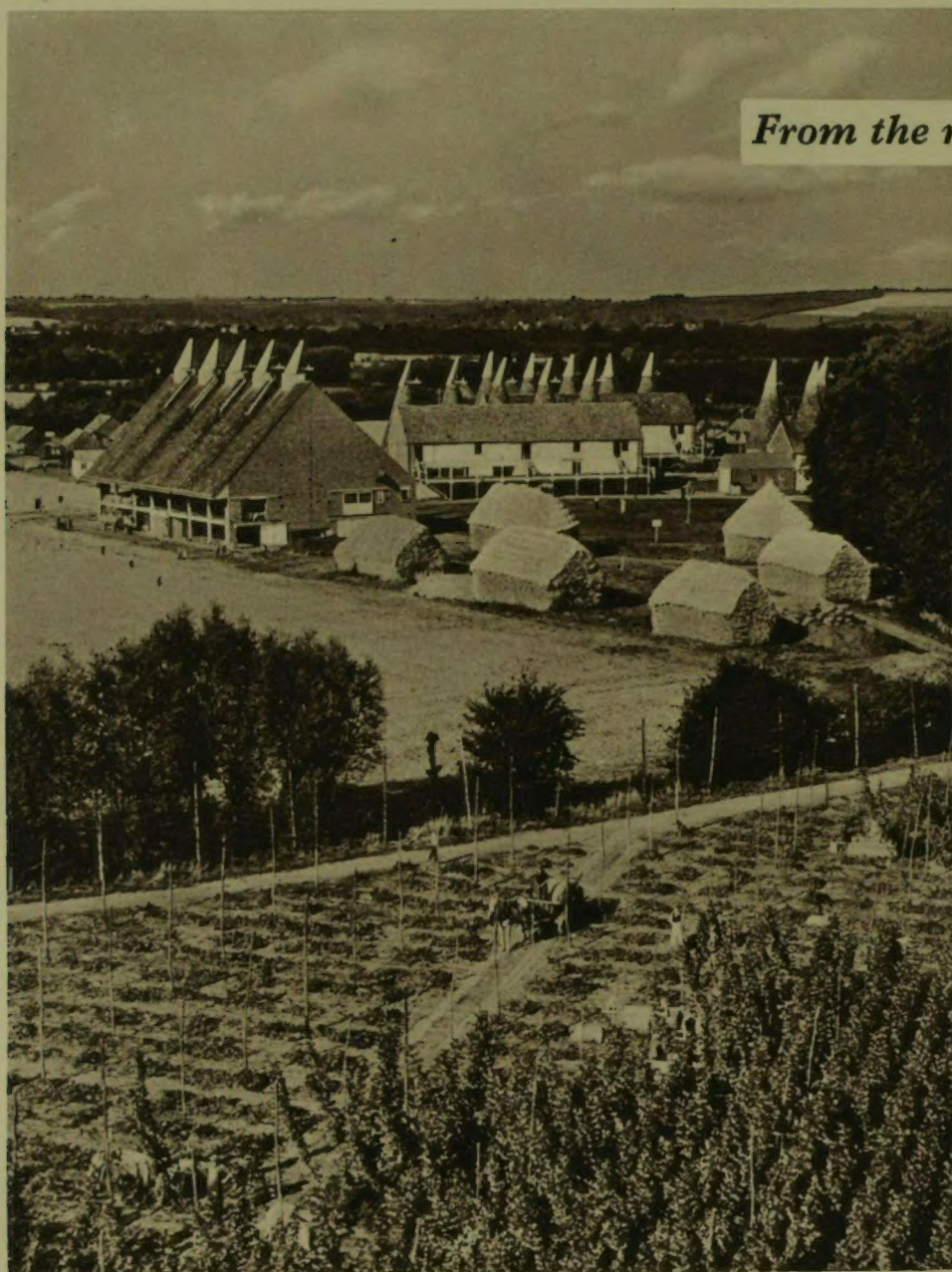


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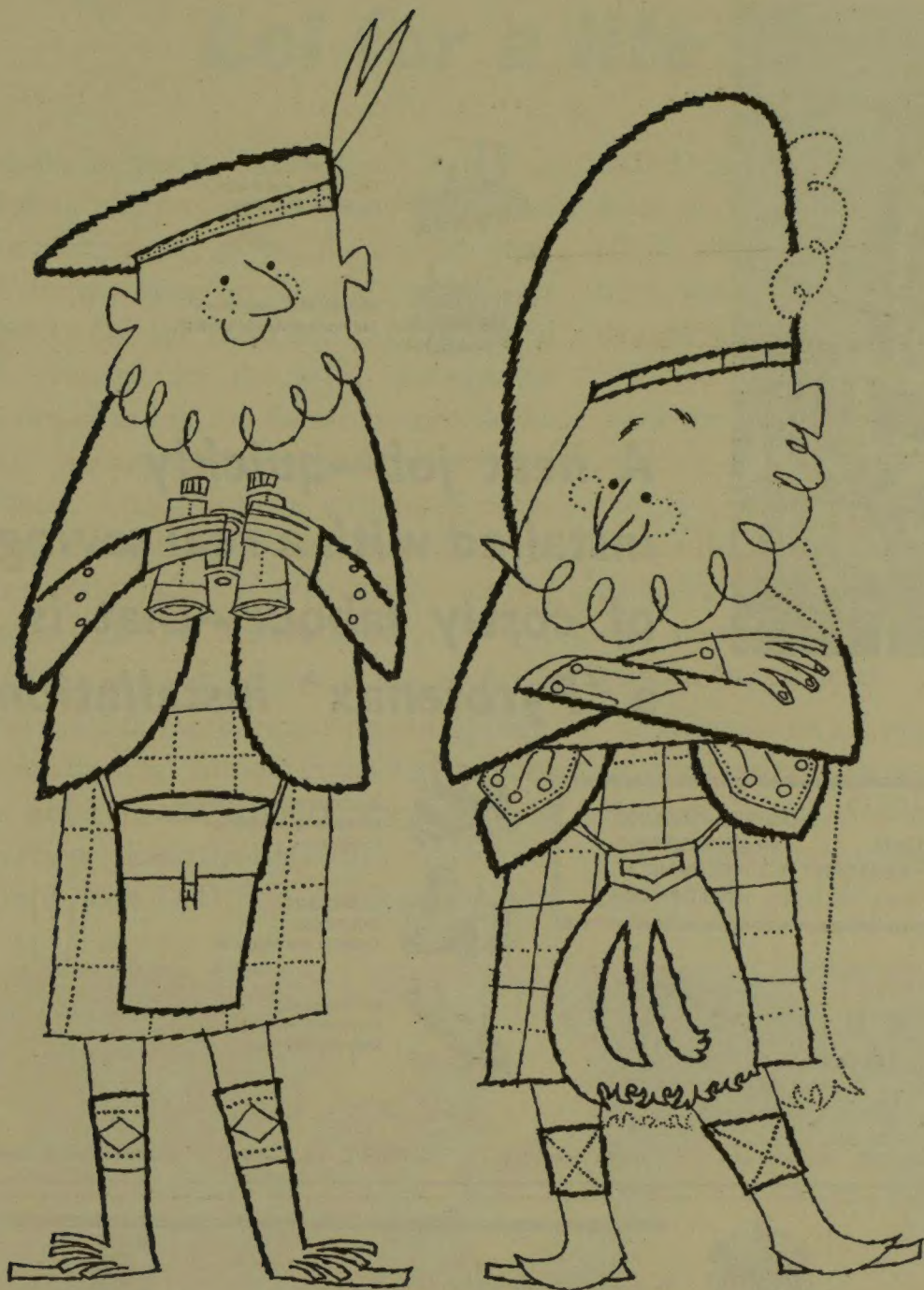
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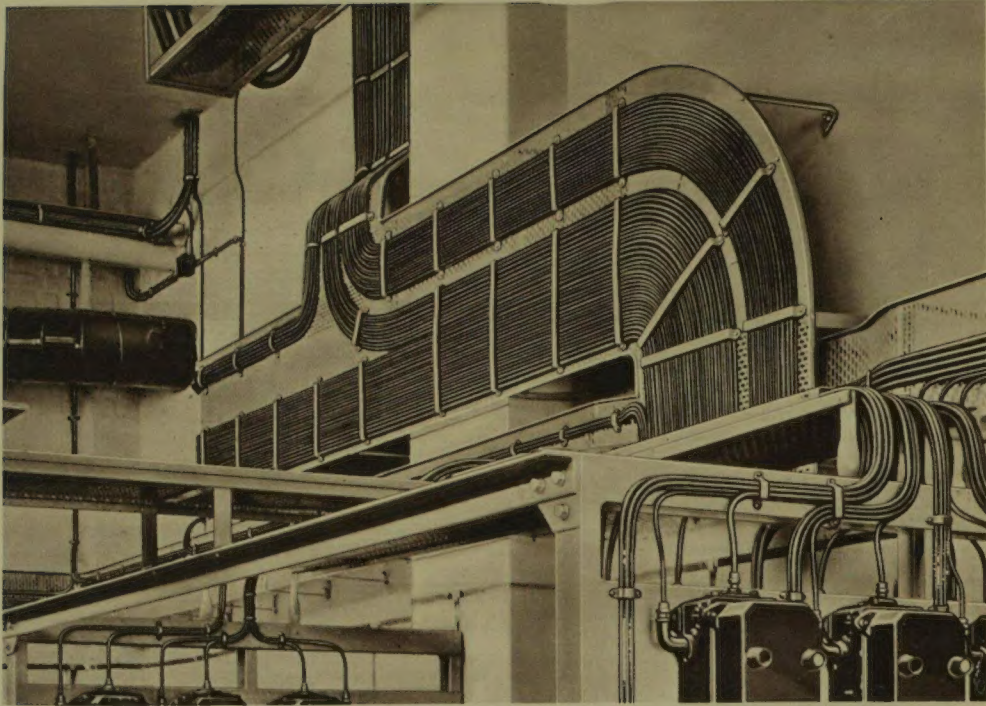
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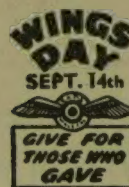
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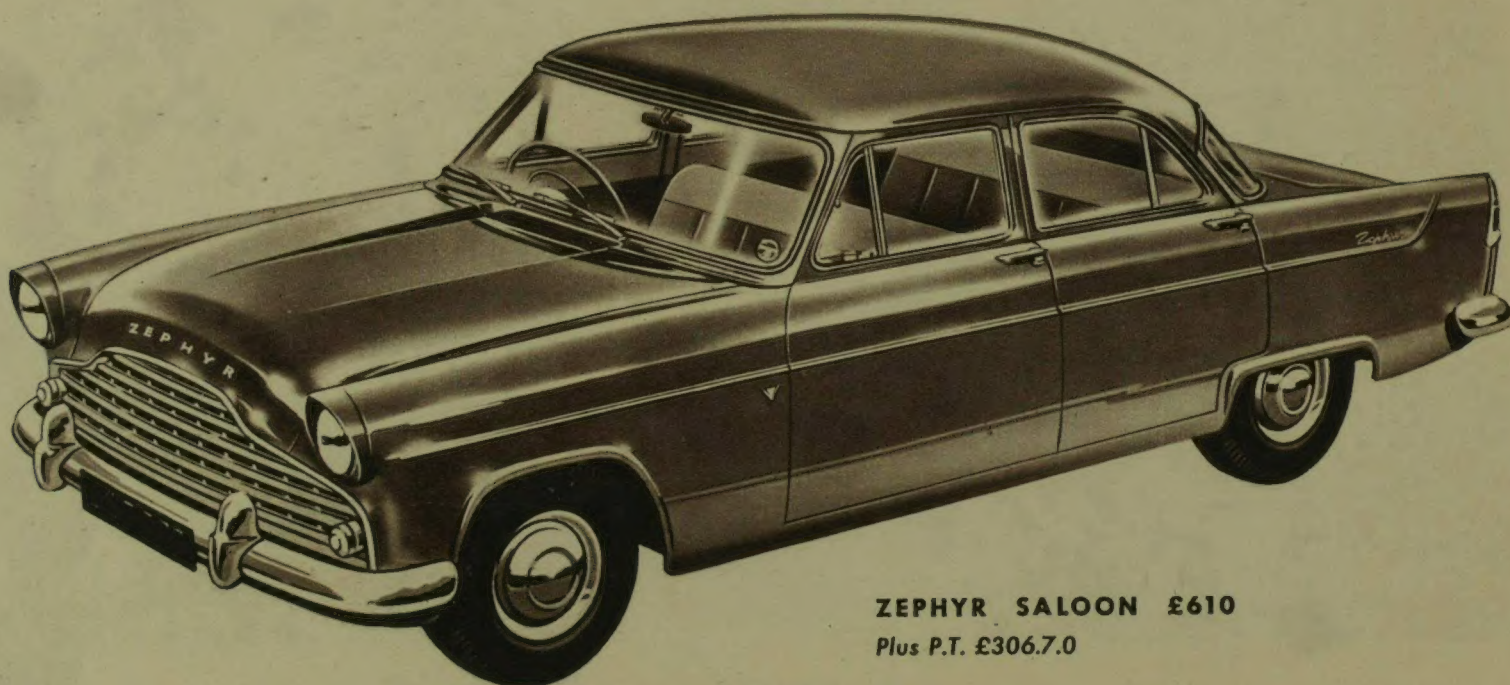
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1957.



THE ANSWER TO THE EXPLORER'S QUEST FOR MANY CENTURIES : H.M.C.S. LABRADOR PIONEERING THE NEWLY-FOUND NORTH-WEST PASSAGE FOR DEEP-DRAUGHT VESSELS, AND STEAMING THROUGH BELLOT STRAIT.

It was announced on August 27 that the Royal Canadian Navy's arctic patrol vessel *Labrador* (6026 tons), heading a group of survey vessels, which included three U.S. Coastguard cutters, had found a deep-water passage between Somerset Island and the Boothia Peninsula. This channel, which lies through the Bellot Strait, has now been mapped and marked in some parts with buoys and should provide a passage for deep-draught vessels for about four months of the year. During the war the Canadian ship *St. Roch* did indeed discover a North-West Passage but that was only for shallow-draught vessels. This

latest discovery ends that romantic search for the North-West Passage, in which Franklin lost his life in 1847. The new discovery meets, however, a very modern need—that of supplying the far northern posts of the D.E.W. (Distant Early Warning) chain of radar posts which provide the first line of defence of the American continent. Normally these sites are supplied from the west via the Beaufort Sea. The new channel gives an alternative eastern route where the ice does not close in so early; and is, in consequence, of considerable strategic importance in questions of North American defence.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IN an article of unusual interest Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, until lately Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, discussed the reasons for a tragic phenomenon that for some time has been growing increasingly obvious. In the past, he pointed out, "the strength of England was reputed abroad to lie largely in the ability of her rulers to look ahead and make wise long-term plans. But in recent years British policy at home and abroad has borne the marks of hand-to-mouth improvisation." * This is true, and many people would probably attribute as the reason for it the transition from a limited franchise based on the sense of responsibility conferred by the ownership or control of property to an unlimited franchise based on nothing but the attainment of adult age. At the end of the First World War a moderately educated electorate was succeeded by a mainly uneducated, or at best half-educated, one. Whatever the gain in democratic theory, the thoughtful student of public affairs might argue—that is, if he had the courage—there was bound as a result to be a falling off in the knowledge and judgment with which the affairs of government were conducted.

Though, however, there may be truth in this, there is also, I believe, a fallacy in such reasoning. Those who record their votes do not in practice govern the country, however much they may influence the conduct and, still more, the public professions of those who do. Britain in the half-century that followed the first Reform Bill was not ruled by the lower Middle Class who had been constituted the numerically predominant element in the electorate. It continued to be governed, as before the Reform Bill, by the hereditary aristocracy and by the upper and professional middle class who for the past century had simultaneously co-operated with and exploited the ruling aristocracy. Grey, Melbourne, Russell, Palmerston, Aberdeen, Sidney Herbert, Derby, Salisbury, Rosebery, Hartington and Randolph Churchill were not small shopkeepers. Nor for that matter were Peel, Gladstone and Disraeli, or even Joseph Chamberlain. By the same token in our own day Winston Churchill was not a horny-handed son of toil nor Stanley Baldwin a factory girl. Nor was Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden or Clem Attlee. Nor is Mr. Gaitskell. Government, in other words, under whatever name, is and will probably always be the preserve of a minority who have comparatively little in common with the majority they rule, even if the latter exercise a certain measure of control over them through the possession of the franchise. This explains why in many so-called democratic countries democracy, in spite of the franchise, remains largely a delusion. Whoever, for instance, dictates the policy of modern Russia or China or East Germany or Czechoslovakia, it is certainly not the people of those countries.

The explanation, therefore, of the decline of forethought in the management of our national affairs must be sought elsewhere. No doubt the fact that the electorate as a whole is very imperfectly

educated has contributed to it indirectly; the cumulative destruction by taxation of the upper and upper-middle class families that from generation to generation perpetuated valuable standards of education and public service is a case in point. But the chief reason for the disastrous transformation in the conduct of the country's long-term policy is that, I believe, set out by Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick in his article. Owing to a kind of elephantiasis in the written or paper technique of public administration, those who dictate policy, both elected representatives and high permanent Civil Servants, no longer have enough time to think. They have to devote so much of their energies into

perennial story of the Tower of Babel—men have forgotten that a price has to be paid for everything and have overlooked the fact that too much proliferation of legal or written definitions or checks in any human activity ends, owing to the limitations of human capacity and energy, in stultifying that activity altogether. It is impossible, however much one multiplies rules and paper safeguards, to prevent all human error, folly and corruption; one has got to draw the line somewhere, leave the grass freedom to grow and, in allowing room for individual imperfection, to allow room also for individual virtue and effort. Our failure to realise this and our

attempt to legislate for everything, regardless of the cost of doing so, has led in the past half-century to an immense increase in the staffs of Government and Local Government departments and in the volume of paper and printed matter, itself creating the necessity of still more paper-readers and paper-checkers, that these pour forth. To quote Sir Ivone again, "The First World War accelerated this process. New Ministries were created, and year by year Parliament piled fresh work on the departments. The Second War and the Welfare State gave a further impulse to this tendency. There was another crop of new Ministries, existing staffs were multiplied and the operation of Parkinson's Law (the law, discovered by an ingenious contributor to *The Economist*, governing the automatic increase in Ministry staffs) helped still further to swell the numbers. This development is at the root of our troubles, for these large staffs do nothing to ease the life of the men at the top. On the contrary, they produce more paper and by their mere existence make action more difficult and arduous."

The remedy, this experienced Civil Servant thinks, is gradually but ruthlessly to prune the staffs of our Government departments and so reduce the time-wasting and thought-stultifying volume of paper being needlessly produced. This would cause, he admits, some inconvenience at first, but "it would be proved in the event that much of the work now done is not really essential. The consequent reduction in public expenditure and the release of large numbers of men and women to productive work would be beneficial. But, more important, the turgid stream of paper through Whitehall would be halted, the weight

of the administrative burden would be lightened and senior Civil Servants would be able to devote themselves more freely to their proper functions." It is sometimes said that it is impossible to reform the Law because no one but a lawyer knows enough to reform it and no lawyer ever wishes to do so. The same seems to be true of our vast, complex modern Civil Service. But Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick appears to be an exception to this defeatist rule. He has pointed to a principal cause of our decline in wise government and policy and suggested the remedy. It is for those whom we elect to apply the lesson. And when one or other of the great political Parties, ignoring vested interests, seriously sets out to do what he recommends and does it, it will, I believe, be surprised by the testimony of the electorate's approval when next it seeks its suffrage.



AT THE CEREMONY AT KUALA LUMPUR ON SEPTEMBER 2 AT WHICH THE PARAMOUNT RULER OF INDEPENDENT MALAYA WAS OFFICIALLY INSTALLED: LADY TEMPLER AND FIELD MARSHAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER, WHO WAS HIGH COMMISSIONER IN MALAYA FROM 1952 TO 1954.

Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff and a former High Commissioner in Malaya, was present with Lady Templer at the ceremony in Kuala Lumpur on September 2 at which the Paramount Ruler was officially installed and given the title of King and Ruler of the Federation of Malaya—an office he will hold for five years, when a successor will be elected by the rulers of the Federation States. Independence was officially proclaimed in Kuala Lumpur on August 31.

continuously putting out or absorbing the written word that they can never take proper stock of the situations they are trying to control or engage in creative and constructive thought. As Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick writes, the more work that is thrust on Civil Servants, the less time they have to perform their proper function "which is to reflect and then to advise their department chiefs, not only on day-to-day affairs, but on the broad stream of future policy. . . . Working against the clock, they are forced to concentrate on matters of immediate urgency, very often without leisure to do even that with requisite care and consideration."

All this arises from a neglect of that wise old working-saw, that the best is the enemy of the good. As a result, perhaps, of the removal from realism produced by a highly urbanised life—the

* *Sunday Times*, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, "No Time to Think," September 1, 1957.

ATTENDED BY THE QUEEN: THE FAMOUS BRAEMAR GAMES.



A SPIRITED PERFORMANCE BY FIVE YOUNG SCOTS LASSIES IN ONE OF THE MORE GRACEFUL EVENTS—SCOTTISH DANCING.



(Above.)
A WINNING
THROW:
J. HUNTER
PUTTING THE
HEAVY STONE—
AN EVENT WHICH
HE WON.

THE QUEEN
attended the
world-famous
Gathering of the
Braemar Royal
Highland Society
at The Princess
Royal Park, Brae-
mar, on Sept. 5.
She was accom-
panied by the
Duke of Edin-
burgh, the Duke
of Cornwall and
Princess Anne,
and the Queen
Mother and Prin-
cess Margaret,
[Continued opposite.

(Right.)
BEING WELCOMED
BY MEMBERS OF
THE RECEPTION
COMMITTEE ON
THEIR ARRIVAL
AT BRAEMAR:
THE ROYAL
FAMILY.



(Above.)
A STRIKING
PHOTOGRAPH OF
A SPECTACULAR
TYPE OF SPORT:
ONE OF THE
COMPETITORS
TOSSING THE
CABER.

[Continued]
with many friends
of the Royal
Family, were also
present to watch
the programme
of dancing and
athletics. The
Queen arrived
from Balmoral in
fine weather,
which had been
preceded by rain,
and was greeted
by nine of Scot-
land's best pipe
bands. The
Queen presented
several of the
trophies following
the Games, and
then, with rain-
clouds beginning
to gather again,
the massed pipe
bands bade the
Royal party a
stirring farewell.



THROWING THE WEIGHT: A FINE ACTION PHOTOGRAPH OF L. K. STUART ABOUT TO MAKE A THROW.



A MOMENT OF INTENSE EFFORT: E. CAMERON, WATCHED BY OFFICIALS AND COMPETITORS, THROWING THE HAMMER.

INTEGRATION IN U.S. SCHOOLS: DEFIANCE IN LITTLE ROCK BY THE GOVERNOR OF ARKANSAS.



TRYING TO ENROL AT LITTLE ROCK CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL ON SEPTEMBER 4: FOUR NEGRO CHILDREN BEING TURNED BACK BY TROOPS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD.



A VAIN EFFORT TO GET PAST THE TROOPS PLACED OUTSIDE THE LITTLE ROCK HIGH SCHOOL TO "PRESERVE PEACE": A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD NEGRO GIRL BEING ORDERED BACK.



ORDERED OUT BY THE GOVERNOR OF ARKANSAS: NATIONAL GUARDSMEN SURROUNDING THE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL AT LITTLE ROCK.



ALLOWED TO ENROL, BUT IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF HOSTILITY: A NEGRO GIRL, AND HER ESCORT, BEING BOOED BY HER FELLOW PUPILS AS SHE LEAVES SCHOOL AT CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA.

In the early days of this month children throughout the United States were enrolling for the new school year, and in the southern states this promised to be a difficult time for those districts trying to comply with the Supreme Court's ruling that racial segregation in tax-assisted schools is unconstitutional. Fortunately in the vast majority of cases Negro children were allowed to enter previously all-white schools without hindrance. An outstanding exception was in Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas. Here



AN EXAMPLE OF RELATIVELY PEACEFUL INTEGRATION: WHITE AND NEGRO CHILDREN SIT TOGETHER AFTER ENROLLING AT THE PREVIOUSLY ALL-WHITE GILLESPIE PARK SCHOOL, GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA.

the Governor, Mr. Orval Faubus, called out the National Guard "to help maintain peace and order," but in fact, the guardsmen prevented the Negro children from enrolling at the central high school. This was in strict defiance of a Federal District Court ruling. On September 9 the Negro children were still unable to approach the school. A move was made to file a petition for an injunction against Mr. Faubus to prevent him from interfering with integration in the schools.



AT BLACKPOOL: SOME OF THE 996 DELEGATES WHO ATTENDED THE EIGHTY-NINTH TRADES UNION CONGRESS, WHICH CLOSED ON SEPTEMBER 6.



THE T.U.C. IN SESSION: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PLATFORM AS A SPEAKER ADDRESSED THE DELEGATES REPRESENTING MORE THAN 8,000,000 WORKERS.

"NO PUBLIC CLASHES": SCENES DURING THE EIGHTY-NINTH TRADES UNION CONGRESS AT BLACKPOOL.

The eighty-ninth Trades Union Congress was held in Blackpool from September 2 to 6. During the week, which has been described variously as "tranquil," "dull," and "undistinguished," there was not, for the first time for many years, a single card vote. Although there were doubtless some strong differences of opinion on matters of vital importance, they did not come into the open. On the first day, suggestions that much could be done to improve the trade union structure and that the Council should be instructed to conduct a survey and make recommendations to next year's Congress, were rejected at a debate which was held in private session. Discussions during the week included one on the Labour Party's proposals for

a national pensions scheme ultimately linked to earnings, which received the support of the meeting; proposals for the launching by the T.U.C. of the greatest appeal for voluntary contributions from their members in the history of the movement, for aiding unions overseas, were carried with acclamation. On September 5 the T.U.C., led by Mr. Frank Cousins, agreed to reject wage restraint in any form. The General Council neither accepted nor opposed the resolution and offered no collective comment upon it. The closing session on September 6 was occupied with debates on nuclear tests, telephone tapping, collective bargaining, working conditions in shops, and many other questions, none of which aroused any conflict of opinion.

PESSIMISTS never tire of telling us that Russian policy is unchanging. In fact, it does vary a great deal, even though its distant ends may remain constant. The change which has taken place within the past year is undeniable, or deniable only on improbable assumptions. This is apparent both in the general attitude of the Russian rulers and in their actions. The whole atmosphere has become different. It is impossible to believe that last summer Russia was not genuinely seeking to live on easier terms with the West and unlikely that these terms were intended to last no more than a few months. To-day there is not the smallest hint of any such intention.

The alteration has appeared first of all in speeches, which may be called the main vehicle for setting forth Russian policy. Formerly they were unusually friendly, whereas to-day they are aggressive and minatory. They were faithfully supported in the Russian Press, and, of course, on the radio. The most striking example of the *volte-face* has been witnessed in the Disarmament Sub-Committee. Mr. Zorin, from being courteous and patient, became the opposite. His dismissal of the proposals of the West, without even asking for time to consider them, was a piece of studied malignity, adopted on orders from Moscow. We are back in a phase which is at least as bitter as any through which we have passed since the end of the Second World War, though tourist facilities have so far not been withdrawn.

The internal struggle for power has been so fierce that the future of the régime cannot safely be assessed. Behind it stands the figure of Marshal Zhukov. His power has clearly increased. Some observers consider that it has not yet reached its full height. A few have even forecast that he will in a short time become the real director of Russian policy, keeping such of the present men as may be prepared to march with him and only while they do so. This is speculation. What is not speculation is that the conflict which we have witnessed is still going on and almost certain to continue. This is a grave reflection, because there is no guarantee that a set of men even more ruthless and reckless than those now in office will not be their successors.

The change began with the Russian intervention in Hungary, which is believed by those best in a position to know to have been carried out by the Army to a large extent on its own initiative. But a more important element has been the new weapon, the inter-continental guided missile. The peremptory tone really started to make itself heard with the announcement about this. I have previously written that Russian claims of this sort have in the past been well founded. This also must be taken to be so. It may be that the spokesmen have indulged in a little bluff in the time factor—which their previous record would make sound reasonable—but we must assume that, if they are not quite on the mark which they claim to have reached, they are but little short of it.

They evidently believed that their claim would scare the West and perhaps now believe that the relative calm which greeted it does not truly express the feelings of the Governments concerned. Their primary aims are to alarm the West, to get the American forces out of Europe, to prevent the rearmament of Western Germany, to hold up German reunification on any terms but

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE RUSSIAN FRAME OF MIND.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

their own, and to terrorise the little N.A.T.O. States. Nothing could be more dangerous than that they should gain the impression that they were on the way to success in these aims, especially the two first. Even worse relations than the present would be preferable to such a misunderstanding, because the latter would increase the risk of war even more than the former.

These new dangers appear at a moment when the West is more than usually in doubt about the efficacy of its defences and even about the kind of military policy and the forces that it requires.

making that sort of war improbable. What is much more to the point is that it is not a defence against any other form of war. We all believed at one time, and some believe still—Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, I think, among them—that any big war must be a nuclear war. There is no such general acceptance of this proposition to-day.

I have no patience with the critics who denounce the deterrent policy as a fallacy. There was nothing to replace it but an agreement which was clearly unattainable. It may well be that nothing else could have saved humanity in the past or given it such prospects—not splendid, but still not growing worse—as it now looks forward to. I do hold, however, that the time has come to consider the possibility of aggression, perhaps on a limited scale but involving Russia and N.A.T.O. countries, followed by refusal on

both sides to invoke the aid of the ultimate weapons. It is argued that weapons available have always been used even when opinion has held them to be "disloyal." This is not, in fact, strictly true, but near enough to the mark. No new weapons in history have, however, been comparable to these.

Surely it is possible to imagine a situation in which the United States, Britain, and any other partner equipped with thermo-nuclear weapons would be forced by the weight of public opinion to refrain from their use. In this case it would pay Russia not to use them because of the strength of her conventional forces. Western public opinion might be affected by the view that the issue at stake did not justify unleashing such terrible weapons. Then the situation might develop very fast; it certainly would if Russian armour intervened. We might find statesmen debating and telephoning. "I say now." "I say not yet, and we can't support you if you let fly." Then all might wake

to find it too late.

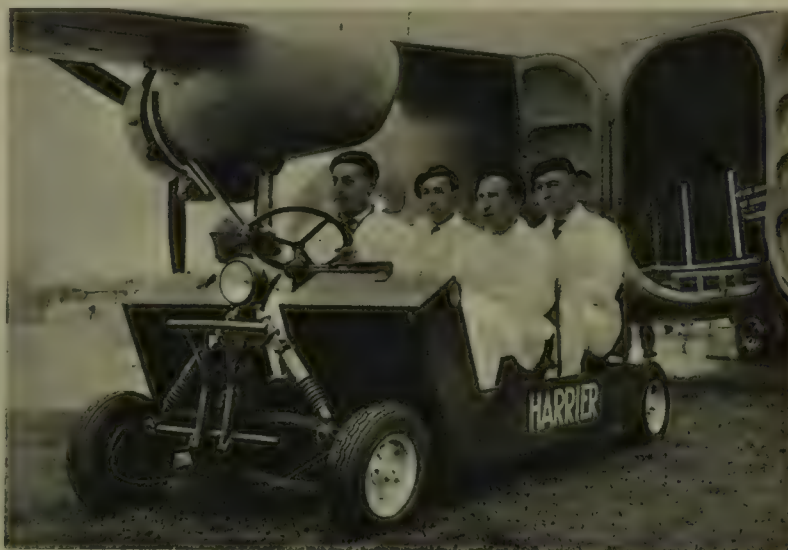
The above is only one possible pattern. Grave military situations develop in a variety of ways. But in all cases, when one asks whether N.A.T.O. is capable of fighting a considerable non-nuclear war in which Russia is involved, the answer must be that it is not. It is prevented from equipping itself to do so less by financial or industrial weakness than by social dislike of the effort needed. The trend is rather to reduce than to increase expenditure. Here Britain has taken the lead, and other Finance Ministers look jealously at our Chancellor of the Exchequer, though their countries have no intention of creating professional armies.

It would appear that N.A.T.O., which must inevitably follow an American line, and the Pentagon itself, need to direct their thinking on new lines. The United States has always regarded a major war as something which must take the form of a life-and-death struggle between herself and Soviet Russia. It may be that this is the most likely shape, but I do not consider it to be the inevitable one. That concept must not be abandoned, but the thinking on it has been mainly done. The time has now come to set out with the utmost care on the study of aggression flowing through less direct channels. The appreciation would be a form of the eternal war games, in which, however, psychology ought to play a part more important than is ordinary.



EXHIBITED AT FARNBOROUGH: THE SHORT SB5, AN EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT DESIGNED TO INVESTIGATE THE LOW-SPEED HANDLING OF SWEEP-WING AIRCRAFT.

This interesting aircraft was designed and built (by Short Bros. and Harland Ltd.) at the request of the Ministry of Supply to investigate problems arising from the low-speed handling of swept-wing aircraft. With this in view, the wings are variable and can be set at three degrees of sweep-back—viz., 50 degrees, 60 degrees, and 69 degrees. The tailplane can be set either at the top of the fin (as shown) or beneath the rear fuselage. The position of the non-retractable nose-wheel can also be varied.



THE HARRIER FOLDING CAR AT FARNBOROUGH: READY TO MOVE OFF TWO-AND-A-HALF MINUTES AFTER EMERGING (AS A COFFIN-LIKE CASE) FROM THE PEMBROKE TRANSPORT IN THE BACKGROUND.

This folding car has been made by Hunting Percival Aircraft Ltd. primarily for the use of parachute troops and may well prove a sound export to N.A.T.O. countries. It is carried in a Hunting Percival Pembroke in a case-like pack. As soon as the aircraft comes to rest, the crew spring out with the case and, within sixty seconds, (it is claimed) assemble the car which is moving off as shown in a standard time of two-and-a-half minutes.

Some critics find N.A.T.O.'s thinking muddled. Captain Liddell Hart has put the essential quandary in a philosophical way by saying that the "deterrent" may be a means of avoiding a nuclear war but is not a means of defence. This is true. It is not a defence against a nuclear war, though that side need not be stressed because it has contributed so greatly to

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



JAMAICA. RESCUE WORKERS AMONG THE WRECKAGE OF JAMAICA'S WORST RAILWAY DISASTER, IN WHICH SOME 178 EXCURSIONISTS WERE KILLED.



JAMAICA. TORN AND PILED UP RAILWAY COACHES NEAR KENDAL, JAMAICA, AFTER THE DISASTER TO A TRAIN CROWDED WITH SOME 1600 PASSENGERS.

Late at night on September 2 a railway disaster, described by Mr. Manley as "terrible and indescribable," occurred to a train bringing some 1600 excursionists (mainly an organised Roman Catholic party) from Montego Bay to Kingston, after a day's outing. All of the twelve coaches except the first two were derailed and one fell into a 20-ft. gully. The official death-roll was given as 178 and there were about 700 injured.



ARGENTINA. ALL THAT IS VISIBLE OF THE RIVER STEAMER *CIUDAD DE BUENOS AIRES*, IN WHICH SOME 60-100 PERSONS PERISHED AFTER A COLLISION. THE HELICOPTER IS FLYING OVER THE SCENE OF THE WRECK.

Late on August 27 an American freighter *Mormacsurf* collided in the River Plate with the 3754-ton river steamer *Ciudad de Buenos Aires*. The latter sank rapidly and 155 of her complement were rescued. Her exact complement was, however, unknown and the number of those lost was variously estimated between 60 and 100. The captain and executive officers of *Mormacsurf* were arrested pending an inquiry. When the collision occurred, most passengers were below decks.



ARGENTINA. THE DAMAGED BOWS OF THE AMERICAN FREIGHTER *MORMACSURF* (7980 TONS) AFTER COLLISION WITH A RIVER STEAMER IN THE RIVER PLATE.



WEST GERMANY. WALKING ON A CAUSEWAY IN A SEA OF OIL THE RESULT OF A GUSHER NEAR OSTERWALD, IN THE RIVER EMS DISTRICT, WHICH FLOODED SOME 17 ACRES.



WEST GERMANY. A SEA OF OIL RUN TO WASTE, WHICH CONTINUED TO SPREAD FOR SOME NINE DAYS BEFORE ABATING. IT REACHED DEPTHS OF NEARLY 7 FT.

By September 2 the oil and gas gusher which had been flowing for nine days near Osterwald, in the River Ems district, was beginning to abate. The oil at one time covered about 17 acres and was in some places nearly 7 ft. deep. A mixture of gas with the oil made the danger of fire very great.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



BELGIAN CONGO. LIVING IN A VOLCANIC CRATER: A NATIVE VILLAGE IN THE CRATER OF THE EXTINGUISHED MOUNT GOMA, ONE OF A CHAIN OF VOLCANOES IN THE LAKE KIVU DISTRICT OF THE BELGIAN CONGO.



AUSTRIA. LAUNCHING THE FIRST OCEAN-GOING SHIP TO BE BUILT IN AUSTRIA: THE CEREMONY AT THE KORNEUBURG SHIPYARD, ON THE DANUBE, NORTH OF VIENNA. THE VESSEL HAS BEEN ORDERED BY A GERMAN SHIPPING LINE.



BELGIUM. UNDER CONSTRUCTION FOR THE 1958 BRUSSELS EXHIBITION: THE HUGE ATOMIUM WHICH WILL HOUSE EXHIBITS SHOWING THE PEACEFUL USES OF ATOMIC ENERGY. The 500-acre site of the 1958 Brussels Exhibition, which is due to open on April 17, is now a hive of activity and many of the principal features are already nearing completion. Some fifty countries are participating in the Exhibition, which will continue for six months and is expected to attract over 30,000,000 visitors.



WEST GERMANY. TO ASSIST GERMAN DRIVERS TO COMPLY WITH THE NEWLY-IMPOSED SPEED LIMITS: A POLICE CAR AT WIESBADEN FITTED WITH A GIANT SPEEDOMETER. On September 1 a new law came into force in Western Germany which imposed a speed limit of 50 kilometres an hour (about 31 m.p.h.) in all built-up areas. Except at danger-points there had previously been no speed limit on German roads. The road-accident rate in Western Germany is exceptionally high.



U.S.S.R. "DEATH LOOP IN A CAR": A SPECTACULAR NEW ATTRACTION IN A PUBLIC GARDEN IN MOSCOW. ELEONORA VASHCHENKO DEMONSTRATING A MOST DANGEROUS FORM OF DRIVING IN WHICH NO SPEED LIMIT IS IMPOSED.



BELGIUM. AN IMPORTANT FEATURE OF THE BRITISH PAVILION AT THE 1958 BRUSSELS EXHIBITION: THE THREE SPIRES WHICH FORM THE ENTRANCE NEARING COMPLETION. THE ARCHITECTS ARE MESSRS. H. V. LOBB AND JOHN RATCLIFF.



NORWAY. BACK IN OSLO AFTER HIS ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXPEDITION TO EASTER ISLAND: THOR HEYERDAHL, THE WELL-KNOWN NORWEGIAN EXPLORER AND ARCHÆOLOGIST, UNPACKING SOME OF THE SCULPTURES HE BROUGHT BACK FROM THE ISLAND.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. EN ROUTE FOR A GOODWILL VISIT TO YUGOSLAVIA: THE RUSSIAN CRUISER ZHDANOV (STANDARD DISPLACEMENT 15,450 TONS) SEEN FROM THE AIR AS SHE STEAMED THROUGH THE ENGLISH CHANNEL ON SEPTEMBER 4 WITH THE DESTROYER SVOBODNY.



THE U.S.A. THE BUSIEST DAY IN THE HISTORY OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK: SEVEN OF THE TWELVE LINERS WHICH DOCKED ON SEPTEMBER 3.

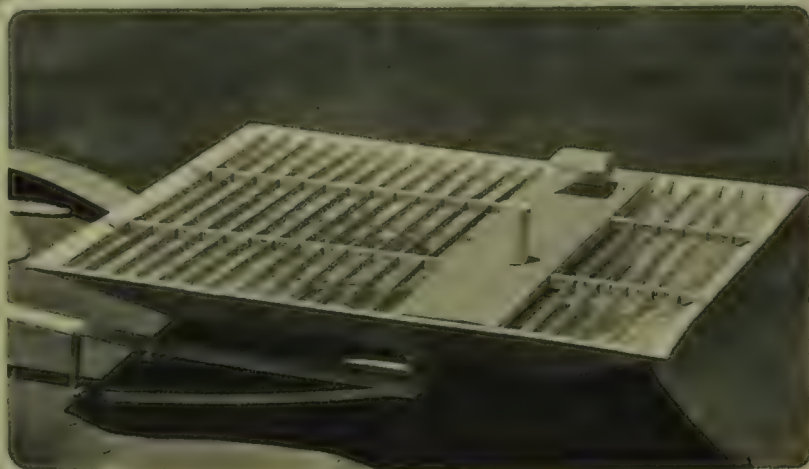
On September 3 the Port of New York, the world's premier passenger terminal, had the heaviest single day's passenger influx in its history. Between 8 a.m. and 6 p.m. on that day twelve passenger liners, including *United States* and *Queen Mary*, disembarked 9386 passengers. Our photograph shows seven of the twelve liners:

(l. to r.) the Cunard Line's *Britannic*, *Queen Mary* and *Mauretania*; the French Line's *Flandre*; the Greek Line's *Olympia*; and America's *United States* and *Independence*. The severe man-power problem involved was ably dealt with by the Customs, immigration and health inspection services.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



FRANCE. IN MARSEILLES HARBOUR: A HUGE 20,000-TON FLOATING DOCK WHICH WAS TOWED BY TUGS FROM HAMBURG, WHERE IT WAS BUILT. This huge floating dock, which is some 656 ft. long and 131 ft. wide, was built in Hamburg, West Germany, and towed to Marseilles Harbour, in France, by tugs at the beginning of September. This dock will be able to take the largest liners and tankers.



VENEZUELA. FEATURING AN UPSIDE-DOWN PYRAMID DESIGN WITHOUT WINDOWS: A MODEL OF THE NEW CARACAS ART MUSEUM IS DUE TO BE COMPLETED NEXT YEAR. An art museum of revolutionary design is due to be completed next year in Caracas, Venezuela. It features an upside-down pyramid design without windows. All the light will come through electronically-controlled louvres in the roof.



SWITZERLAND. THE LONG ARM OF AUTOMATION: A MAN PAINTING A PIPE ON A BUILDING IN GENEVA WORKING FROM A CRADLE ON A HYDRAULIC ARM WHICH IS OPERATED FROM A LORRY PARKED IN THE STREET BELOW.



AUSTRALIA. ON THE QUEENSLAND "GOLD COAST": AUSTRALIA'S NEWEST TOURIST HOTEL, LENNON'S BROADBEACH HOTEL, SHOWING THE MAIN BUILDING AND SWIMMING-POOL. Australia's newest tourist hotel is the luxurious £A1,000,000 Lennon's Broadbeach Hotel, on the "Gold Coast," in the south-east corner of the State of Queensland. Each bedroom is as self-contained as possible and is furnished for use as a sitting-room as well.



MALAYA. PRESENTED TO THE NEW RULER OF MALAYA ON BEHALF OF THE QUEEN BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER: A SILVER-GILT CUP AND COVER BEARING AN INSCRIPTION.

During his recent visit to Malaya to attend the independence ceremonies the Duke of Gloucester presented gifts to the new ruler on behalf of the Queen. One of these Royal gifts was this fine silver-gilt cup and cover by Garrard and Co. Ltd., the Crown Jewellers, which bears the inscription: "From Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II to His Majesty the Yang Di-Pertuan Agong on the occasion of the independence of Malaya—31st August, 1957."



FRANCE. PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT COTY ON BEHALF OF PRESIDENT EISENHOWER: A MEDALLION OF SOLID CRYSTAL COMMEMORATING THE BICENTENNIAL OF THE BIRTH OF THE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE.

On September 6 Mr. Amory Houghton, the U.S. Ambassador to France, presented this medallion to President Coty on behalf of President Eisenhower. Designed by Sidney Waugh and made by Steuben Glass, the medallion is of solid crystal and is mounted on an ebony stand which bears an inscribed silver plaque. It commemorates the bicentennial of the birth of the Marquis de La Fayette, 1757-1834. President Eisenhower is the Honorary President of the National La Fayette Bicentennial Committee of the United States.



MALAYA. A GIFT FROM THE QUEEN WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO THE NEW RULER OF MALAYA BY THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER: ONE OF THE PAIR OF BEAUTIFUL EARLY 19TH-CENTURY CANDELABRA.

A pair of fine antique silver-gilt candelabra, standing 24 1/2 ins. high and each capable of holding four candles, was presented to the new ruler of Malaya by the Duke of Gloucester on behalf of the Queen. The candelabra, which are decorated with leaves, shells and flowers and stand upon walnut plinths with inscription plates, date from the year 1817. They bear the same inscription as the silver-gilt cup and cover shown on this page (bottom left).

A GERMAN PRINCE IN REGENCY ENGLAND.

"A REGENCY VISITOR: THE LETTERS OF PRINCE PÜCKLER-MUSKAU." Edited by E. M. BUTLER.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

HOW long it is since Prince Pückler-Muskau's letters were in print in this country I cannot say. I don't think they have been re-published in my lifetime, though recourse to them must always be had by anybody who proposes to write about what Sir Arthur Bryant has termed "The Age of Elegance." The surprising thing is not that Miss Butler has revived them (or part of them), but that so entertaining a work should ever have been allowed to lapse out of print at all.

Pückler-Muskau, a tall, slim, dandy, of a type, I should think, commoner in London and Paris than in the Germany of that age, was hereditary ruler of a tiny principality in Silesia, which was mediatised after the Congress of Vienna. He married a daughter of Hardenberg, the Prussian Chancellor, and, after he had almost ruined himself because of his passion for embellishing his estates, the pair of them made an unholy sort of pact. The arrangement was that he should divorce her (of whom he was so genuinely fond that he wrote to her with the utmost solicitude almost every day that he was away from her) in order that he should revisit England (where he had been in 1814) and find a bride. Of this dream-wife only two things were asked: (1) that she should be rich; and (2) that she should be willing to live in a *ménage à trois* of which the third member would be the former wife who had now become a mistress. And what had Lothario (for Pückler was credited by his first biographer with more loves than Don Juan's and Solomon's added together) to offer in return? His charm, his unexpectedness, and his rank. The last-named was especially liable to dazzle the aspiring bourgeoisie: the established upper class knew that in Germany Princes were extremely thick on the ground, and that Pückler's possessions would not compare for extent with the domains of many a landowner—some of them not even peers, let alone Princes—in England and Scotland.

On his first visit to England he had been engaged to, and on the verge of marriage to, the Dowager Lady Lansdowne of the day: susceptible, as ageing ladies often are, to the charms of a male vamp. Her family and friends forced her to terminate the engagement: she certainly adored him, although one can almost hear her friends' remarks about "that damned German outsider," or whatever the current phrase was. Back in Germany, he tried to get help from his father-in-law. But Hardenberg had a rapacious mistress; and when he died in 1822 "was found to have disinherited his only daughter in favour of his disreputable paramour." So off went Pückler to England again, in search of a maiden victim—or a wealthy dowager. "He wrote," says Miss Butler in her lively introduction, "almost daily journal-letters to Lucie in which he told her everything he was doing and seeing and thinking and feeling in London and elsewhere. He gave vivid accounts of the customs and manners of fashionable society, enthusiastic descriptions of the English countryside, the castles and the parks, lively comments on personalities and plays. He was eloquent on the subject of his undying love for her and he dutifully kept her informed about

the state of his matrimonial projects." None of these succeeded. One tremendous heiress could not be obtained because she stipulated that her utterly vulgar parents must live with them at Muskau after the marriage. Another promising prey of this shameless fortune-hunter withdrew when she found that the elegant beau had already been married and had wangled a divorce on grounds which would never have been admissible in England: she refused, point-blank, to be a bigamist. So Pückler went home, still penniless, to his bankrupt estate, the sandy wastes of which he still dreamed of laying out in the enchanting style of Repton or Capability Brown.

But he cashed in, in an unexpected way. "It all began with the present book, issued under

and France was in fits of laughter; the English were buzzing like bees; plaudits loud and long were wafted over from America; Scandinavia was in raptures, Greece and Turkey were impressed." Goethe and Heine were loud in acclaim: those two men thought, as many foreigners still do, not realising that stories get through in translation when the finer shades of meaning and melody don't, that Byron, believed to have been howled out of England, was the greatest Englishman since Shakespeare. In this country the work was translated by Sarah Austin, wife of the dour, jurispudent John Austin: she disclaimed any acquaintance with the author: that, it appears, was about as far from the truth as it could be. Everybody read the book, but the Press had already formed its opinion about this well-groomed cad. The *Edinburgh Review* said: "We should like to be present at the next reception of this gentleman (we refer him to his own definition of the word) in Galway or Kerry. A few more examples of the kind would close every door against an un-certified foreigner (even though he were a titular Prince,) and turn the line of abstract suspicion—of which he was made aware—into one of direct quarantine prohibition. . . . Does he think the German Prince, who travelled in England in 1828, so impeccable that no scandal got whispered abroad concerning him? . . . [And referring to Pückler's opinion of Englishwomen] The ignorance and audacity of it (from a German, too, of all people), are inconceivable."

Why can't we have Pückler's letters in full? He himself cut them; his English translator used a second blue pencil; and now Miss Butler has inflicted further excisions upon his text, and not reproduced the letters from Wales and Ireland, which would deal with scenes and people far less familiar to us than the London of the Regency and of George IV's reign which are amply documented by letters, diaries and newspapers. The whole text of Pückler's letters, according to Miss Butler, were in the State Library in Berlin, and she says that she doesn't know if they still exist.

Surely she could find out. The war, officially, has been over for twelve years. Either these documents were destroyed by Allied planes or Russian hordes, or they were not. If they are still there they should be obtained and printed, with full notes from English sources as to the impression that this dashing rogue made in England. The Russians certainly couldn't object to their reproduction. The Cannibals of Wall Street may not be exposed, but a good text would be produced for sermons on Capitalist Crocodiles. Pückler had a good time here. He thought our inns the best in the world. He stayed (mostly once, I suspect) in many a great country house. He marvelled at the English countryside, tamed or untamed. But he ended, after his career of seduction had come to an unsuccessful termination, with a downright denunciation of the whole English aristocracy as cold-hearted men whose only pleasure was in seduction.

He really had a passion for scenery and antiquities. But this engaging series of extracts from his letters reads rather like an expurgated edition of Pepys (Lord Braybrooke's, in fact) or a Casanova with the wickedness cut out.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 446 of this issue.



AUTHOR OF THE LETTERS WHICH ARE EDITED BY MISS E. M. BUTLER IN THIS BOOK: FÜRST HERMANN VON PÜCKLER-MUSKAU (1785-1871).



LUCIE, COUNTESS OF PAPPENHEIM (1777-1854). SHE WAS MARRIED FIRST TO COUNT PAPPENHEIM AND THEN TO HERMANN VON PÜCKLER-MUSKAU.



A VIEW OF MUSKAU PARK AND THE NEISSE RIVER.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "A Regency Visitor"; by courtesy of the Publisher, Collins.

the title of 'Letters from a Dead Man,' and describing England, Wales and Ireland in the years 1826-1828. They were excerpts from his journal-letters to Lucie (called Julie in print) from her devoted Lou (short for Filou). When Pückler re-read them at Muskau after his return, he was so much struck by the interest of the subject-matter that he felt they ought to be published, and Lucie, who was of the same opinion, urged him on. A great deal of pruning had to be done; all references to fortune-hunting had to be omitted, certain incidents had to be camouflaged and many names whittled down to initials; but there remained ample material for four sizeable volumes and out they came anonymously in 1830 in inverse chronological order: two volumes dealing with Wales and Ireland, then two more about London and England. The result was breath-taking. There was a view-halloo throughout Europe; the Press cried 'Bravo!' and 'Shame!' with almost equal abandon; the Prussian Court was outraged

* "A Regency Visitor: The Letters of Prince Pückler-Muskau." Edited by E. M. Butler from the Original Translation by Sarah Austin. Illustrated. (Collins; 21s.)

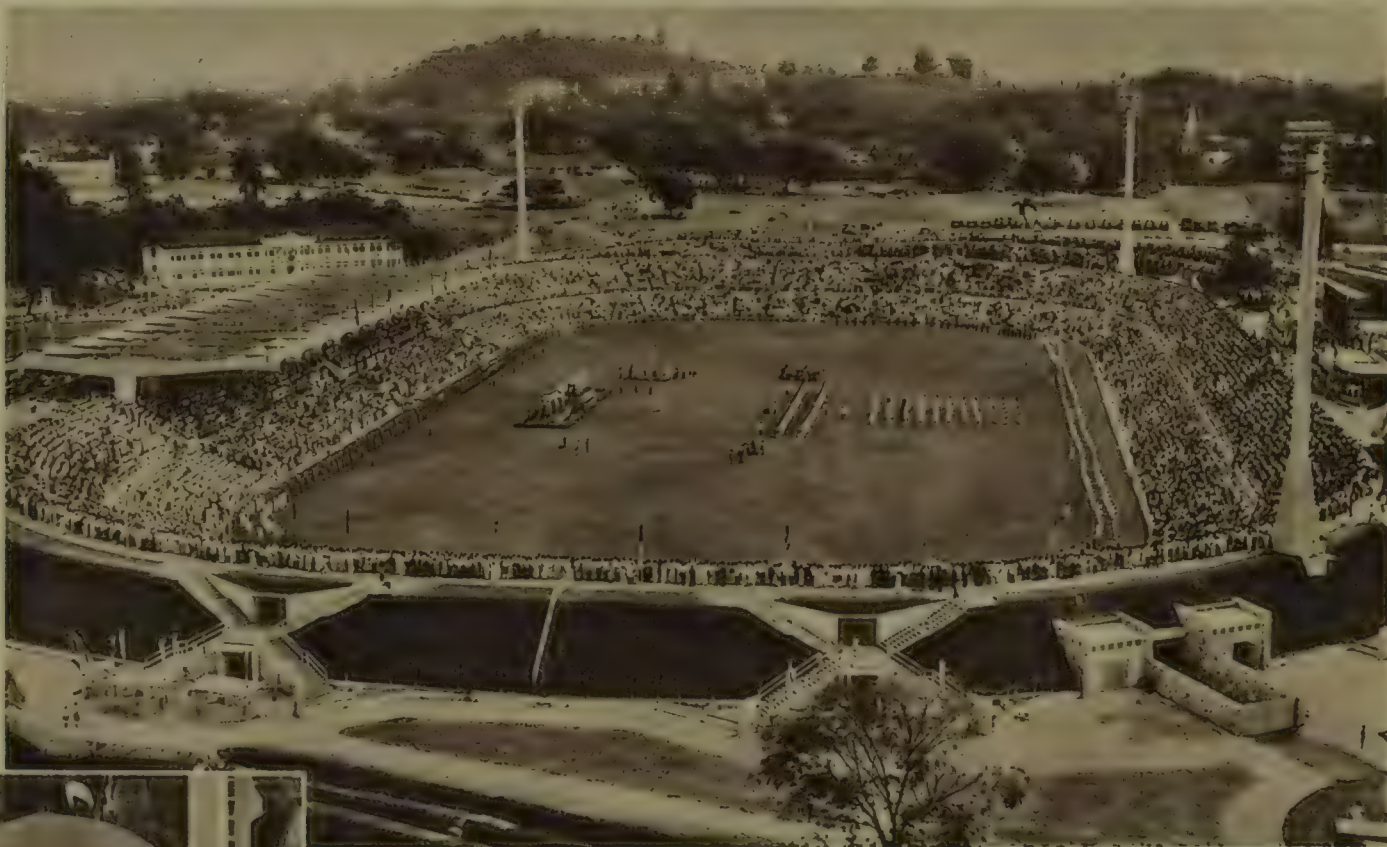
THE GRANTING OF INDEPENDENCE TO MALAYA: CEREMONIES IN KUALA LUMPUR.



(Above.)
THE QUEEN'S REPRESENTATIVE,
THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, PRO-
CLAIMING MALAYA'S INDEPENDENCE
IN THE MERDEKA STADIUM,
KUALA LUMPUR.

OFFICIAL ceremonies and celebrations continued in Malaya for several days after the formal proclamation of Malayan independence on August 31, which was illustrated in our last issue. Following this important event in the Merdeka Stadium, Britain's last colonial High Commissioner, Sir Donald MacGillivray, had left Kuala Lumpur, and in the evening there was a magnificent State banquet which was attended by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. Among the earliest official acts in independent Malaya was the swearing-in of the Paramount Ruler, the Prime Minister (formerly the Chief Minister), and the new Cabinet, and the taking of the oath of office by the first Governors of the two former British settlements of Penang and Malacca.

(Continued opposite.)



AN IMPORTANT OCCASION IN THE HISTORY OF THE FEDERATION OF MALAYA: THE MERDEKA STADIUM, KUALA LUMPUR, DURING THE PROCLAMATION OF INDEPENDENCE.



ARRIVING FOR THE CEREMONY AT WHICH HE WAS INSTALLED WITH THE OFFICIAL TITLE OF KING: THE PARAMOUNT RULER, WITH HIS CONSORT.



AFTER THE INSTALLATION OF THE PARAMOUNT RULER OF MALAYA IN KUALA LUMPUR: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER LEAVING AFTER THE CEREMONY.



THE BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER LEAVES: SIR D. MACGILLIVRAY (FOURTH FROM RIGHT) WITH HIS WIFE, AND ACCOMPANIED BY THE PARAMOUNT RULER AND HIS CONSORT (RIGHT).



AT THE INSTALLATION OF THE PARAMOUNT RULER (SEATED AT BACK, LEFT): THE PRIME MINISTER (BENDING) SIGNS THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.



DURING THE INSTALLATION CEREMONY: THE PARAMOUNT RULER OF INDEPENDENT MALAYA WITH HIS CONSORT.

SYMBOLISING MALAYA'S INDEPENDENCE: THE INSTALLATION OF THE PARAMOUNT RULER AS KING.

Continued.]

On September 2, in Kuala Lumpur, the Paramount Ruler was officially installed as the King and Ruler of the independent Federation, an office to which he was elected by his fellow-rulers and which he will hold for five years. The official granting of independence to Malaya was witnessed in Kuala Lumpur by representatives of many foreign countries, and in

America, Mr. Dulles paid a tribute to Malaya's independence and to her joining the Commonwealth. With the departure on September 5 of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the celebrations in Malaya drew to a close. Malaya is now linked to Britain in the Commonwealth and by the continuation of former military and commercial bonds.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THERE are two species of wild rose which one is apt to meet quite often in the Alps—*Rosa alpina* and *Rosa rubrifolia*, and both are very well worth growing

in the garden. The commonest form of *Rosa alpina* makes a bush up to 6 and 8 ft. tall, with deep pink single blossoms followed by long, bottle-shaped hips—or should it be heps? I am never quite certain. But in addition to the normal, tall-growing type there is a delightful dwarf form, *Rosa alpina nana*, which has the same attractive deep pink flowers and scarlet fruits but which never reaches more than 18 ins. or so. Grown on its own roots, as it should be, it roams about sending up its erect pigmy stems to form, eventually, a scattered colony. This being its natural habit, it should be given ample space in which to spread. Several square feet or yards of open country in the rock garden, or its outskirts, make an ideal setting for this little Alpine rose, and its special territory should be a sward of the dwarfiest creeping plants such as the antennarias and the various forms of *Thymus serpyllum*—crimson, white, pink, heather-coloured and woolly-leaved.

Only once have I come upon this dwarf *Rosa alpina* in the wild, and that was at Mount Cenis, on the far side of the lake, among the stunted alders, the Alpine columbines and a thousand other delights. In cultivation it has remained rare.

A fine account is given of *Rosa rubrifolia* in Bean's "Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles." A specimen, fruiting superbly in a neighbour's garden just now, is a beautiful and most impressive sight. A full and shapely bush some 6 or 7 ft. high, and as much through. Its young stems are covered with a purplish bloom, and the briar-like leaves are fringed with rich, purplish, beetroot-red and, like the stems, are washed with a silver-grey bloom. But among this unusual and most attractive foliage there is now a tremendous crop of fruit or hips—or heps. Fine red to orange-red berries, oval, about twice the size of rowan-berries, and carried in profuse clusters of anything from five or six up to two or three dozen on stems which make them ideal for cutting. The bush as it stands now, with its richly coloured hips among the purple-tinged glaucous-grey foliage, is extraordinarily effective in the garden, and a few sprays of the fruit, together with two or three gracefully tapered growing stems with fresh young leaves, arranged very simply in one of Reginald Wells's "Coldrum" vases, are—to me, at any rate—more beautiful and satisfying than the most elaborate and studied flower arrangement in the most ultra-modern milliner manner. Although I have met *Rosa rubrifolia* repeatedly and over a period of many years in the Alps, it has always been in late June and early July when the bushes were in flower, and although its pink dog-roses are attractive, as single wild roses invariably are,



THE HIPS OF *ROSA RUBRIFOLIA*.

"Fine red to orange-red berries, oval, about twice the size of rowan-berries, and carried in profuse clusters of anything from five or six up to two or three dozen on stems which make them ideal for cutting."

AN ALPINE ROSE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

they are not outstanding as *rubrifolia*'s heps are. For this reason I had never appreciated what an exceptionally decorative and garden-worthy rose it is until, as now, I have seen it in full perfection. Fortunately, there is ample room in my garden for growing such shrubs, and equally fortunately *Rosa rubrifolia* has an obliging trick of producing a discreet crop of self-sown seedlings in the neighbourhood of any established parent specimen. As a result, I have five or six young *rubrifolias* established in pots, and just itching. I am sure, to get to grips with my strong loam—and my weeds.

It occurs to me, by the by, that this hearty Alpine rose species, with its unique purplish-glaucous foliage and brilliant harvest of hips, might make a valuable seed parent in the hands of the plant-breeder and

snag that I can see in the *rubrifolia* x *moyesii* union is that I believe hitherto *moyesii* has, with one exception, resolutely refused to be mated with any other rose. But surely she—or he—could not refuse marriage with so discreet and chaste an Alpine charmer as *Rosa rubrifolia*. The only instance in which *Rosa moyesii* has relented—or is said to have relented—in this delicate matter resulted—or is said to have resulted—in that handsome shrub, Rose "Nevada," with her huge snow-white blossoms. Personally, I just don't believe it. Anything less like *moyesii* than "Nevada" is difficult to imagine. But, then, of course, and perhaps fortunately, bastards do not always resemble their male parents. I would add, too, that I do not know the first thing about roses, plant breeding or genetics. So let us leave it at that. Nevertheless, if the *rubrifolia* x *moyesii* cross has not been tried, I suggest it as a worthwhile experiment.

There are, I know, folk who gird against the gardener's itch to improve plants by selection and hybridising. But why should not plants be improved? And what immense benefits we would be without but for the plant breeders—all the superb apples, pears, strawberries, succulent vegetables, and lovely races of flowers. Naturally, in the course of all this unnatural selection and cross-breeding a good many plants turn up which are either quite worthless, or which, owing to some outlandish or freakish difference from normal, are hailed by the ignorant or the thoughtless as heaven-sent novelties, and are exploited as such. It is "novelties" of this nature which gain plant breeders and nurserymen exploiters a bad name. But fortunately the freak-horror plants and the bogus novelties find their level—below ground—in the end.



THE "HUGE SNOW-WHITE BLOSSOMS" OF THAT "HANDSOME SHRUB ROSE," "NEVADA"—SUPPOSEDLY A CHILD OF *ROSA MOYESII* AND "LA GIRALDA." (Photographs by J. E. Downward.)

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

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I was asked by a friend recently what was the plural of *Dianthus*. Fancy asking me of all people—me, to whom all Latin is pure Greek, and vice-versa. When in doubt about plurals of such names as *Dianthus* I usually dodge the difficulty by referring to "many kinds of *Dianthus*" or "six species of *Dianthus*," instead of "six *Dianthi*." In this particular case I would, however, be inclined to put *Dianthus* on a par with duck. In the case of tame ducks one speaks of so many ducks, whilst if they are wild duck one calls them "duck," no matter how many of them there are, and by the same token I would feel inclined to speak of collecting or growing *dianthus*.

And even if I were assured by authority that it should be *Dianthi* or *Dianthii*, then I would prefer to remain a cheerful purveyor of howlers.



IN ONE OF THE SIMPLY-FURNISHED CLASSROOMS: MR. F. P. BECK, ONE OF THE JOINT HEADMASTERS OF CHEAM SCHOOL.

WHERE THE DUKE OF CORNWALL WILL BE A PUPIL: CHEAM SCHOOL, AT HEADLEY.



WHERE THE BOYS SIT AT BARE, POLISHED TABLES AND EAT "GOOD PLAIN FOOD": THE DINING-ROOM, WITH ITS CHAIRS PRESENTED BY OLD BOYS.



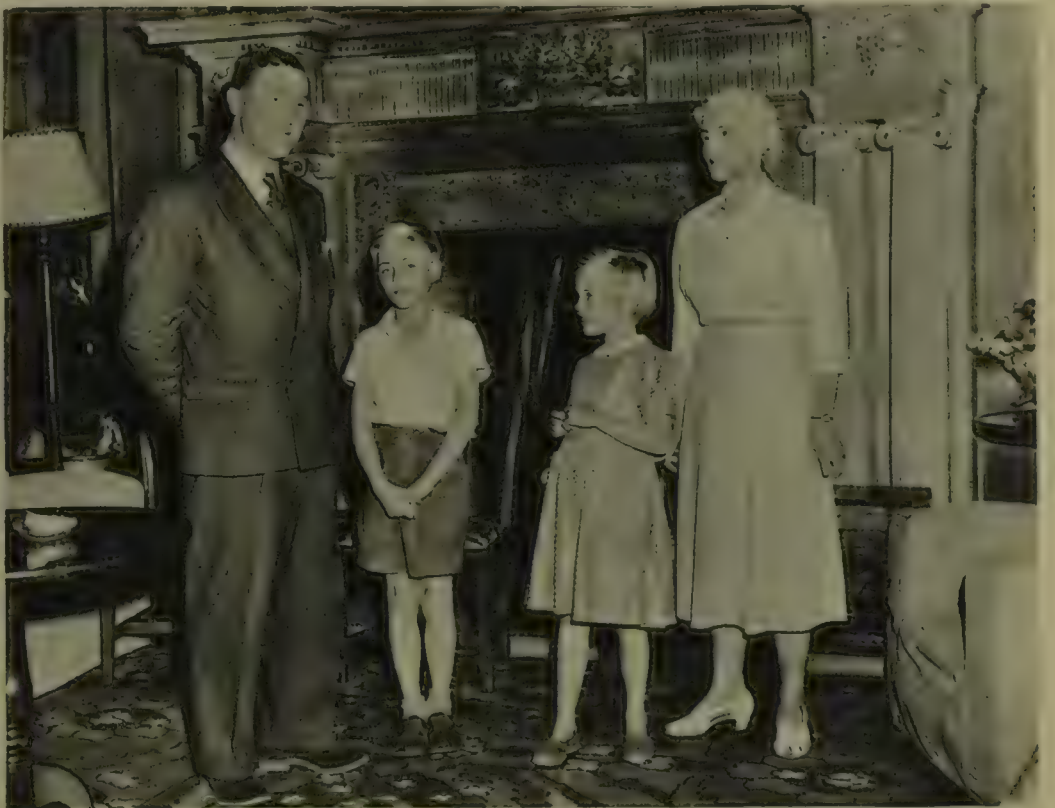
AT THE SCHOOL WHERE THE DUKE OF CORNWALL IS EXPECTED TO SPEND THE NEXT FOUR YEARS: A TYPICAL BATHROOM.



SHARED BY EIGHT OR NINE BOYS: ONE OF THE TWO DORMITORIES FOR YOUNGER BOYS SHOWING THE "DOG BASKETS" IN WHICH THEY PUT THEIR CLOTHES.



A HORSEHAIR MATTRESS OVER WOODEN SLATS: ONE OF THE DORMITORY BEDS BEING SHOWN TO THE PRESS BY MR. M. WHEELER, ONE OF THE JOINT HEADMASTERS.



WITH HIS WIFE AND THEIR TWO CHILDREN: MR. F. P. BECK, WHO IS JOINT HEADMASTER OF THE SCHOOL WITH MR. MARK WHEELER.

On September 23 the Duke of Cornwall, who will be nine years old in November, will start his first term as a pupil at his father's old preparatory school, Cheam School, at Headley, five miles from Newbury. It is one of the oldest preparatory schools in the country and it moved to Headley from Cheam, Surrey, in 1934, a year after the Duke of Edinburgh left. The school has about ninety pupils, all boarders, and the fees are now £100 a term. The joint headmasters are Mr. F. P. Beck and Mr. Mark Wheeler who recently received members of the Press at the school and described to them many aspects of a boy's life there and showed them over the building. Mr. Beck disclosed that the Duke of Cornwall had visited the school in August

with the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Anne. The furnishings of the school, as can be seen in these photographs, are very simple, and the day begins at 7.15 a.m. with the rising bell. The boys make their own beds and keep their clothes in wicker baskets known as "dog baskets." "Good plain food" is served in the dining-room, where the boys sit at bare, polished tables. The Duke of Cornwall, who will be one of twelve new boys, will be allotted, like all the other boys, to one of the four divisions—Australia, Canada, New Zealand and South Africa—into which the school is divided. Mr. Beck and Mr. Wheeler have a staff of nine assistant masters, a governess, an art and music mistress, as well as the matron.



AT THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY: "A SCENE FROM THE SWAN LAKE BALLET," BY A RUSSIAN PHOTOGRAPHER, EVGENI UMOV—THE SWANS BOW TO ODETTE.

The forty-eighth International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography (at which the above superb photograph may be seen) opened at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 26-27, Conduit Street, W.1, on September 7 and will remain open daily (except Sundays)

from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., until October 5. It comprises 409 exhibits from 204 contributors who come from twenty-nine countries. Most of the countries of Europe are represented; and it is interesting to see examples of art-photography from Russia, Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary. The

New World is represented by examples from the United States and Brazil; Africa by South Africa; Australia is represented; and there are many photographs from Asia, especially the Far East, there being, as usual, many excellent contributions from Hong Kong. The photograph above of the Bolshoi

Ballet in "Swan Lake" may well stir the memories of all those who were fortunate enough to see the Russian company during their visit to London last autumn. Other examples from the London Salon—one from London, one from Kuala Lumpur—are reproduced overleaf.



AT THE LONDON SALON: THE "FROLIC ARCHITECTURE" OF FROST IN "FROZEN FOUNTAINS," BY J. ALLAN CASH.

This photograph, one of two exhibited by the well-known British photographer, J. Allan Cash, at the London Salon of Photography (R.W.S. Galleries, September 7 to October 5), provides an interesting contrast with that on the facing page. In the one, man's shaping of materials into a functional austerity of form; in the other, two examples, cloud and icicle, of natural

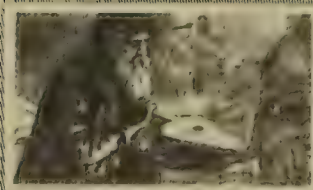
forces working the same basic material—water—into shapes of the utmost fantasy. In their way both photographs provide examples to illustrate the arguments advanced in a recent series of letters in *The Times* as to whether the photographer can rightly be described as an artist or not. The London Salon exhibits only work showing "personal artistic feeling and execution."



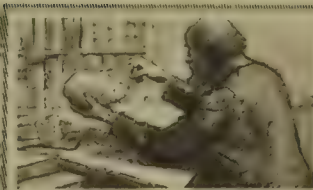
AT THE LONDON SALON : FORMAL PATTERN AND CHILDISH PLAY IN "HIDE AND SEEK," BY LEE YUE-LOONG, OF MALAYA.

As mentioned earlier in this issue, the contributors of the 409 exhibits in the current forty-eighth International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography (September 7 to October 5, at the R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street) are drawn from some twenty-nine countries in all parts of the world. That reproduced above, it is pleasant to record, comes from the youngest

member of the Commonwealth, Malaya. Modern architecture, especially in those forms which hot or brilliantly sunny climates evoke, provides the photographer with innumerable opportunities for combining subtlety with formal pattern ; and in this example the playful children, as it were, "sign" the austerity with human feeling and affection.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THIS last spring we decided to look into the matter of the jumping snakes, so a search was made in the countryside around. A number of grass snakes were seen at various times, but we were able to catch three only. These were brought home and various trials were made to see what the snakes might do to escape from enclosures. The results have already been published on this page, and the present purpose is to deal not with that, but with another feature of their behaviour.

The grass or ringed snake is non-venomous and, as has so often been stated, can be readily tamed, which means chiefly that it will in a very short space of time submit to being handled without offering resistance or being in any way offensive. Only occasionally individuals are found which fail to become accommodated to handling, and these are generally old females. They use a variety of methods to express their displeasure. They have the appearance of being excited. They may inflate the body, they may hiss and they may strike repeatedly, usually with the mouth closed. Ringed snakes seldom bite, and against all but small prey little would be achieved if they did. Their displeasure expresses itself, therefore, mainly in bluff. There is one feature of their resistance which is, however, more effective—namely, when they discharge an oily, evil-smelling fluid from the anal glands. Occasionally also they may sham dead.

This is a general statement of the ringed snake's reactions to being interfered with, but these reactions vary much with the individual. Two of those we had under observation submitted readily to handling and showed none of these reactions. The third objected to it, but only at first, with a certain amount of hissing and striking with the closed mouth, and it also emptied its anal glands, for good measure. It also had a period of shamming dead, and thereafter it became as docile and tractable as the other two.

It was formerly suggested that these reactions, and especially the use of the anal secretions, are protective against predators, but now the better-informed writers take a different view. The discharge of the secretions is now regarded as a nervous reflex induced by fear or excitement of any kind, and wholly involuntary. From general appearances it would seem that the hissing, puffing up the body and striking with the mouth are also signs of irritability rather than actual aggression. They are all too individualistic and too sporadic to constitute anything approaching a stereotyped pattern of behaviour, and on these grounds alone they would appear to have little value as a protective device against the attacks of predatory animals.

The shamming dead seems to fall under the same heading. The one snake out of the three that gave us a demonstration had been handled a number of times before doing it. Although at first it had hissed and struck, to a slight extent, and had discharged its anal fluid, it later became apparently indifferent to being handled. Then, one day, on being taken out of its vivarium and laid on the lawn, it stayed quiet for a while before, all of a sudden, going into this puzzling display we call shamming dead. While still coiled as if enjoying the warm sunshine, it suddenly twisted the front part of the body so that it was belly-uppermost. At the same time the mouth dropped open and the tongue lolled out. The

SNAKES SHAMMING DEAD.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

whole body also went stiff as if rigor mortis had set in.

We call this shamming dead, but with what justification is another matter. The only dead

immediately turns its belly uppermost and once again allows the mouth to fall open and the tongue to hang out, as if it was determined at all costs to continue the deception.

It might be possible to construe this as evidence that the shamming dead is only a simple reflex to a simple stimulus, like our blinking the eyes if something is projected towards them. The difference between the two is largely in the timing. Our snake continued to sham dead, off and on, over a long period of time. Having adopted the posture, it would, if left undisturbed, eventually assume a normal position. Then, if again touched, it would either sham dead at once or suffer itself to be handled for several minutes before again doing so. On one occasion, when it had once more assumed the normal position after shamming dead, it refused to perform again, no matter how much it was touched, handled or turned over and about. Then finally, with surprising suddenness, it shammed dead once more, and continued to do so repeatedly for a fair period of time. In the end, it gave up the act entirely and never again performed in our presence.

Biologically, the whole of this is puzzling. A simple reflex is clear-cut and understandable; so also is a stereotyped behaviour pattern which is released more or less regularly in response to a particular stimulus. The antics of the grass snake, on the other hand, seem to be dependent upon a mood. Even that is an unsatisfactory explanation when we compare the behaviour of our grass snake with the hog-nosed snake of North America.

The hog-nosed snake receives its name from the upturned snout with which it burrows in the ground. It has, however, a variety of other vernacular names, such as puff adder, spreading adder and blow adder, all expressing some part of its performance when disturbed. Although non-venomous, it can make a great display of threat. The ribs just behind the skull are long, so that when the hog-nosed snake puffs itself up, these spread sideways, extending the neck into something resembling the hood of a cobra.

This, with the hissing and striking, with the closed mouth, tends to be intimidating. If, however, this bluff fails to inhibit the cause of the disturbance, the hog-nosed snake does very much the same as the European grass snake. It turns belly-uppermost, lets the mouth hang open and the tongue loll out.

The behaviour of the hog-nosed snake and that of the grass or ringed snake have often been described separately. There is, however, the greater interest when we compare them. We have, in fact, essentially the same features in the two species. Both are non-venomous; both use the bluff of hissing, striking with the closed mouth and puffing up the body, but the hog-nosed snake has the advantage that the last of these is made more impressive by reason of its longer ribs. Both species also use the shamming dead, and use it in much the same way. But whereas both sides of this performance are sporadic, or subject to "mood," in the grass snake, they are used more consistently in the hog-nosed snake, and so the performance there is the more striking.

There is, especially in the actions of the hog-nosed snake, an extraordinarily close parallel to the behaviour of a bully. There is the show of force and the bravado, and there is the sudden collapse if these do not succeed.



AT THE APPROACH OF JASON WHO, THOUGH INTERESTED, CURLED HIS LIPS AND SOON DEPARTED: A GRASS SNAKE JUST ABOUT TO START THE STRANGE PROCESS OF "SHAMMING DEAD."

Photographs by Jane Burton.



"GOING INTO THIS PUZZLING DISPLAY WE CALL SHAMMING DEAD": A GRASS SNAKE WITH BELLY UPPERMOST, MOUTH OPEN AND TONGUE HANGING OUT.

grass snakes I have seen have met a violent death, victims of those who cannot tell a poisonous from a non-poisonous snake. Certainly none of these has lain in the attitude just described. What is even more puzzling is that when shamming dead, as we call it, it seems as if the snake is acting a part. If you take the body in your hands and turn it round into the normal position, the snake

A BIOLOGICAL PUZZLE: THE "DEATH THROES" OF THE HOG-NOSED SNAKE.



A SNAKE WHICH IS NON-VENOMOUS DESPITE ITS MENACING DISPLAY: THE HOG-NOSED SNAKE ABOUT TO LASH OUT WITH THE TIP OF ITS TAIL.



BEGINNING THE "SHAMMING DEAD" PROCESS: THE HOG-NOSED SNAKE WRITHING AROUND AS IF IT WAS ENDURING SOME DREADFUL AGONY.



(Above.) AFTER SUDDENLY STARTING TO TURN OVER ON ITS BACK: THE SNAKE (*HETERODONCON-TORTRIX*) OPENS ITS MOUTH.

IN his article on the facing page Dr. Burton describes the behaviour of the grass snake when "shamming dead" and compares it with that of the hog-nosed snake of North America which is seen going into this puzzling display in the photographs on this page. The hog-nosed snake, which seldom exceeds 3 ft. in length, lives in dry sandy areas where it spends much of its time burrowing in the sand. It has a thick body and a very short tail and feeds on toads and frogs. It receives its name from its upturned snout which gives it a sinister appearance and this, coupled with its ability to make a great display of threat, leads people to suppose that it is venomous when, in fact, it is entirely harmless. It is known by such names as

[Continued opposite.

(Right.) ABSOLUTELY STILL AND, TO ALL APPEARANCES, LIFELESS: THE SNAKE, HAVING PUSHED ITS HEAD AROUND UNTIL ITS MOUTH IS COVERED WITH SAND, STICKS OUT ITS TONGUE.



(Above.) AS THE "DEATH THROES" CONTINUE: THE SNAKE, NOW COMPLETELY LYING ON ITS BACK WITH BELLY UPPER-MOST AND MOUTH OPEN.

Continued.] puff adder, spreading adder and blow adder from aspects of its performance when disturbed. The ribs just behind the skull of the hog-nosed snake are long and, when it puffs itself up, these spread sideways, extending the neck so that it somewhat resembles the hood of a cobra. This "spread" combined with loud hissing is usually enough to scare off adversaries, but if this bluff fails, the snake will then coil up and actually strike although its mouth remains closed. If this strange bullying behaviour still fails to deter the would-be aggressor, the snake behaves in much the same way as the European grass snake in "shamming dead." Hog-nosed snakes vary greatly in colour, the one shown in these photographs was black with yellow blotches above and yellow below. Sometimes the snakes are grey or brown and have reddish-coloured blotches.

Photographs by Robert Bustard.



SOON TO BE SHOWN IN AMERICA:



"GIRL RESTING HER HEAD ON HER HAND," ONE OF THE EIGHT PAINTINGS BY TURNER TO BE INCLUDED IN THE EXHIBITION. PAINTED IN 1894. SIGNED "TURNER." (18½ by 16½ ins.)



A DRAWING FOR A POSTER FOR "LA REVUE BLANCHE," BY TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. IT IS OF MISIA NATANSON, ONE OF LAUTREC'S FAVOURITE MODELS. SIGNED WITH A MONOGRAM. (Canvas; 37 by 28½ ins.)

WORKS OF MR. NIARCHOS' NOTED COLLECTION.



ONE OF SEVERAL SIMILAR PAINTINGS OF ST. PETER BY EL GRECO WHICH IS TO BE EXHIBITED: "ST. PETER PRAYING." (Oil on canvas; 36½ by 29½ ins.)



(Left.) "THISTLES," BY VAN GOGH—A SUBJECT HE DESCRIBED IN A LETTER AS "THISTLES WHITE WITH THE FINE DUST OF THE ROAD." (Oil on canvas; 23½ by 19½ ins.)



(Right.) "LA MAISON DU PERE PILON," ALSO BY VAN GOGH. A PAINTING OF 1890 WHEN VAN GOGH WORKED AT AUVERS SUR OISE, AND FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF K. NEUMANN OF BARMEN. (Oil on canvas; 19½ by 27½ ins.)



AN EARLY PAINTING BY VAN GOGH: "EGLISE SOUS LA NEIGE," WHICH WAS PAINTED IN 1885. (Oil on canvas; 11½ by 16½ ins.)



"LE RAMASSAGE DU FOIN," BY GAUGUIN. THE PAINTING IS SIGNED AND DATED "P. GAUGUIN 88." (Oil on canvas; 29 by 36½ ins.)

Sixty-one paintings from the Collection of Mr. Stavros Niarchos, the well-known Greek shipowner, are to be exhibited at the Knoedler Gallery in New York from October 31 to November 23, and later at the National Gallery of Canada, in Ottawa, from January 10 to 31, 1958. The exhibition will include a majority of the works purchased by Mr. Niarchos from the Collection of Mr. Edward G. Robinson, the actor, and his former wife. Among the many

paintings by famous artists, there will be shown two by El Greco, seven by Van Gogh, five by Gauguin, four by Cezanne, three by Toulouse-Lautrec, eight by Renoir and six by Rouault. The sale to Mr. Niarchos of some sixty paintings by Mr. Robinson and his former wife, made as a result of the dissolution of their marriage, was concluded some months ago. It had involved protracted negotiations, partly because of rival bids from leading museums,

[Continued opposite.]

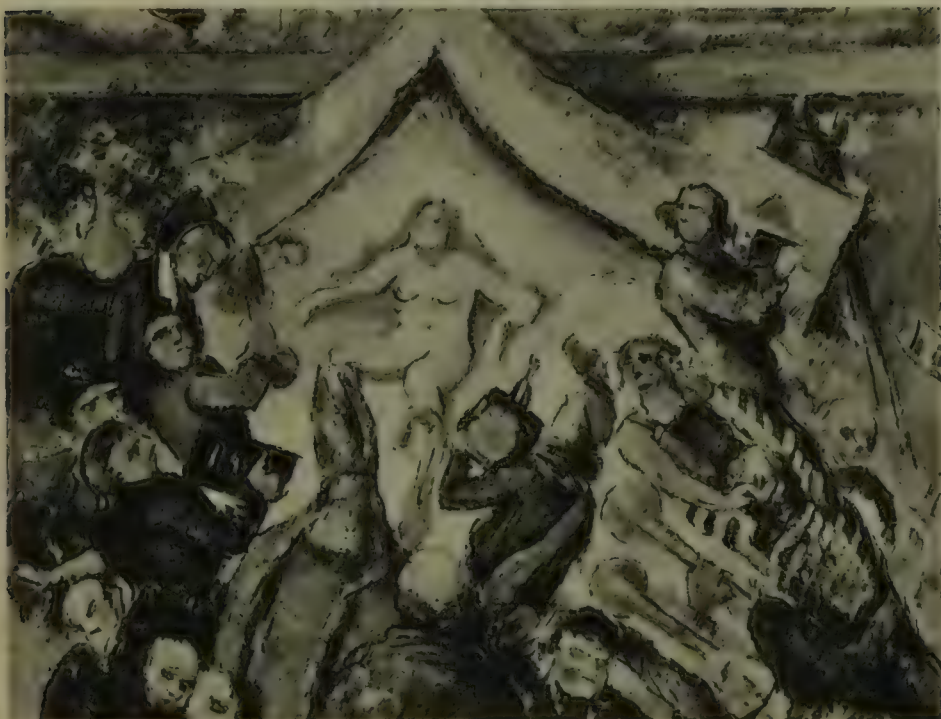
FRENCH WORKS—WITH TWO FROM A FAMOUS FILM-STAR'S COLLECTION.



ONE OF THE PAINTINGS FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. EDWARD G. ROBINSON: "LANDSCAPE," A CHARMING SYLVAN SCENE BY RENOIR. SIGNED "RENOIR."
(Oil on canvas; 15 by 10½ ins.)



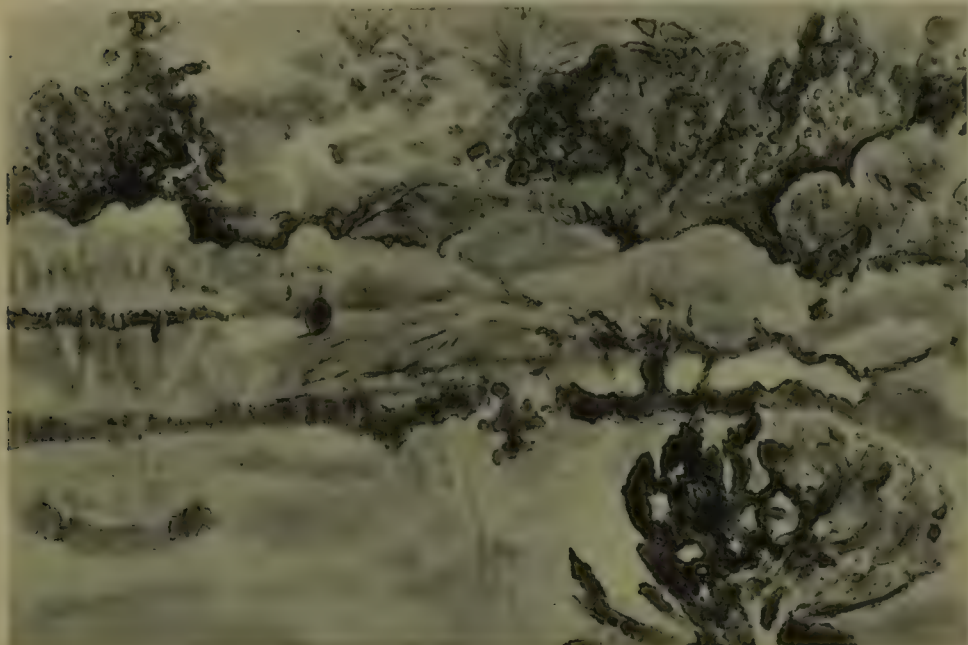
"L'OLYMPÉ," A WATER-COLOUR STUDY BY MANET FOR HIS FAMOUS PAINTING. LAST EXHIBITED IN PARIS IN 1928, AND IN BERLIN IN THE SAME YEAR. SIGNED. (Water-colour; 12½ by 18 ins.)



ONE OF THE FOUR PAINTINGS BY CEZANNE IN THE EXHIBITION: "L'ETERNEL FEMININ," PAINTED BETWEEN 1875 AND 1877. (Oil on canvas; 17 by 21 ins.)



A DELIGHTFUL NATURALISTIC PAINTING BY MATISSE: "THE DINNER TABLE" OR "LA DESSERT," ONE OF THE PAINTINGS PURCHASED FROM MR. AND MRS. EDWARD G. ROBINSON. INITIALLED "H.M." (Oil on canvas; 39½ by 51½ ins.)



"TAHITIAN LANDSCAPE," A WATER-COLOUR BY GAUGUIN. A PAINTING MADE FROM THE SAME VIEWPOINT IS TO BE SEEN IN THE LOUVRE. (Water-colour on white paper; 10½ by 13½ ins.)

Continued.

and the total sum realised was in the region of 3,000,000 dollars, making the sale of this famous Collection one of the biggest art deals in the United States for many years. Among the paintings reproduced here, only two are formerly from the Collection of Mr. Robinson. They are the "Landscape," by Renoir, and "The Dinner Table," a charming naturalistic painting by Matisse. Mr. Niarchos began his Collection—to which he is still adding—in the spring of



"LE PONT D'ASNIERES," PAINTED BY VAN GOGH BETWEEN 1886 AND 1888 WHILE HE WAS WORKING IN PARIS. (Oil on canvas; 12½ by 15½ ins.)

1949. His first purchases were a Renoir, "Le Jardin de la Poste à Cagnes," and "A Voice From the Cliffs," by the American artist Winslow Homer, and both will be included in the forthcoming exhibition. Mr. Niarchos' Collection is normally kept in his three residences in London, Paris and New York, and in his yacht. The New York exhibition will be in aid of the Queen of the Hellenes' Fund and of another charity.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

FOR THE MANY AND THE FEW

El Greco's "Christ Cleansing the Temple," the latter's earliest signed picture obviously influenced by Tintoretto and the other Venetians.

It is a game which each of us could play with profit if we armed ourselves with a set of post-cards, finding unexpected correspondences and contrasts as we shuffled the cards around. It is indeed perhaps just this which provides an added attraction to the book—whether we should have made an identical choice of pairs, which in some cases appear to be rather remote from one another, with only a tenuous connection suggested by the notes at the foot of each page. There is surely nothing in common—nor any enlightening contrast—between Abbot Suger's chalice and the Byzantine "Madonna and Child" which faces it. On the other hand, to place a Monet opposite a Fragonard landscape puts the changes of a hundred years in a nutshell. "The graceful figures he [Fragonard] loved to paint are here of little

a non-technical, discursive introduction to painting in general and to a wonderful series of particular masterpieces, it is at once friendly and informative.

One must gird one's loins and pay the strictest possible attention if one is to derive any profit from Dr. White's book on "The Birth and Rebirth of Pictorial Space,"† for this is a doctoral thesis on an abstruse subject, and the author was under no obligation to make his work attractive to the layman. He is thorough, precise, prolix, and no one must attempt to read him if he is not prepared to submit to the most austere self-discipline. His main purpose "is to clarify the story of the introduction of pictorial space into Italian art during the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. An understanding of this historical process is essential to any full appreciation of the innumerable masterpieces of the Renaissance." There speaks the art-historian *ex cathedra*, as it

were, making a purely intellectual approach, and giving no indication that other qualities besides ratiocination are necessary if one is to enjoy works of art, much less make them. Great men surely paint from their entrails, their hearts, not by theories of perspective, though these play their humble part. Consequently, so exhaustive a treatise about mere geometry

can be tedious to anyone who has long since discovered for himself that the quality of a Cimabue or a Botticelli does not depend upon the painter's skill in handling recessions but upon profound emotional impulses which the spectator, as far as his sensitivity allows, is called upon to share. As well suggest that poetry is only comprehensible if we are fully conversant with every detail of the development of verse forms in Western Europe, a Beethoven symphony only if we are familiar with the mechanics of music-making. None the less, once you accept the limitations the author has imposed upon himself and can curb your exasperation at his constant repetitions and involved sentences, it is possible to extract not just information about the subject but all the information there is in the world. Scholarship could not be

more exact or less inspiring. I quote at random: "Each detail makes it clear that Donatello comes uniquely close to exploiting perspective for the direct impact of dramatic foreshortening only because the vertical direction of the movement in this one relief allows him to avoid a consequent disruption of the representational surface." This is not an unfair quotation, and there are 277 pages of similar sentences.

* "Comparisons in Art: A Companion to the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.," by Fern Rusk and John Shapley. With 190 illustrations. (Phaidon Press; 21s.)

† "The Birth and Rebirth of Pictorial Space," by John White. (Faber and Faber; 63s.)

TO arrange a shop-window—or this page—in such a manner that the eye is attracted, and the mind stimulated, by forms differing in shape or character, is one of the elementary arts of display to which such varied persons as book designers and picture gallery directors pay homage. Excellent use was made of contrasts in styles in two books published before the war by the National Gallery, in Trafalgar Square, consisting of details from famous pictures, with an illuminating commentary by Sir Kenneth Clark. The National Gallery of Art in Washington has now produced a smaller but more ambitious volume* on somewhat similar lines, consisting of eighty pairs of paintings or other works of art, which now appears in England under the imprint of the Phaidon Press. It is a civilised little book, intended primarily for visitors to the Gallery, but, as the great majority of the illustrations are familiar from innumerable reproductions, no less interesting to the thousands who have small hope of ever reaching that magnificent collection. Occasionally there is an odd remark which would seem to indicate that the writer of the introductory essays has drunk deep of the somewhat muddy fount of today's psycho-analysis rather than of the limpid waters of the classics, as when he writes of the frequent choice of Venus as a subject in art. "Her rôle is various, but normally includes being as seductive as possible. This usually involves considerable exposure, or at least the suggestion of what exposure would reveal. Falconet's Venus may be taken as illustration. The association with the sea is natural for one who must be freshly bathed." What an extraordinary thing to say about a goddess born of the sea-foam! And again: "It happens that this Venus, being Rococo, is so doll-like that, removed from her seat, reproduced in plastic, and given less bust and more clothes, she would be at home among the dolls in a nursery"—which seems to me as revolting a notion as one can imagine, as well as cheap and nonsensical. However, there's a deal of sense as well, as one browses through the pages—it is essentially a browsing sort of book—and the range is wide enough to provide a great number of illuminating contrasts which might easily pass unnoticed in pictures widely separated in a great gallery. There is, for example, a detail from Chardin's "Kitchen Maid," with its monumental utensils—the crock and the copper saucepan—set against a vase of flowers by Cezanne; an interior by Louis Le Nain opposite Manet's group known as "The Old Musician"; and, perhaps even more revealing, Tintoretto's "Christ at the Sea of Galilee" facing



TWO PAINTINGS REPRODUCED SIDE BY SIDE IN "COMPARISONS IN ART," WHICH MR. DAVIS REVIEWS ON THIS PAGE: (LEFT) A FOREST SCENE OF c. 1660-65, BY JACOB VAN RUISDAEL, AND (RIGHT) "LANDSCAPE WITH A BRIDGE," BY GAINSBOROUGH, PROBABLY PAINTED IN 1785.



ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE "UNEXPECTED CORRESPONDENCES AND CONTRASTS" TO BE FOUND IN "COMPARISONS IN ART," WHICH IS A COMPANION TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C.: (LEFT) A DETAIL FROM "THE ANNUNCIATION" BY GIOVANNI DI PAOLO, PAINTED IN c. 1445; AND (RIGHT) "THE EQUATORIAL JUNGLE," PAINTED IN 1909 BY HENRI ROUSSEAU.

The paintings on this page, from "Comparisons in Art," are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, the Phaidon Press.

importance as people; they are like bouquets of bright flowers scattered over the terrace. The landscape is the theme—great feathery trees, sun-touched mountains and banks of fleecy clouds. . . . What a difference a century made in the French conception of landscape painting! The picturesque scenery of "Tivoli" was very important to Fragonard. Monet could content himself with a few scraggly trees (by chance, his wife sits among them here) so long as he had the swiftly-changing light of day to clothe them with its magic. This was scenery enough for as many paintings as there were variations in light through the day and through the seasons." In short, a most agreeable little book; one can laugh at it occasionally, and disagree with it often; but as

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A NOTED EXPLORER AND AUTHOR DIES:
MR. PETER FREUCHEN.

Mr. Peter Freuchen, the Danish Arctic explorer and author, died aged seventy-one at Elmendorf air base, Alaska, on Sept. 2 while on his way to make a film in the polar regions for television. Mr. Freuchen had frequently explored the Arctic regions and wrote and lectured on his travels. He had been married to an Eskimo. He was in the Danish "Resistance" in the war.



LEXICOGRAPHER AND LINGUIST: THE
LATE SIR WILLIAM CRAIGIE.

Sir William Craigie, a leading authority on Northern languages and joint editor of the *Oxford English Dictionary* from 1901-33, died on Sept. 2 at Watlington, aged ninety. He took his M.A. at St. Andrews in 1889, and continued his scholastic career at Oxford and Copenhagen. He held appointments at St. Andrews, Oxford and Chicago.



A NOTED RESEARCH ENGINEER: THE
LATE DR. R. W. BAILEY, F.R.S.

Dr. Richard William Bailey, who died on Sept. 4 aged seventy-two, was formerly consulting research engineer of Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd., and was president of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers in 1954-55. His experimental work made a notable contribution to the improvement of materials of engineering construction.



DIED WHILE ON A MISSION TO CAIRO:
MR. FREDERIC MILNER.

Mr. Frederic Milner, the United Kingdom Financial Adviser and Treasury Representative in the Middle East, died suddenly in Cairo from a heart attack on Sept. 4. Mr. Milner, who was fifty-two, had been engaged, together with representatives of the Bank of England, on a mission to survey the state of British sequestrated property in Egypt.



THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS GOLF MEETING: THE VICE-CHAIRMAN (L. CENTRE), WITH THE WINNER OF THE SPHERE CUP, AND THE OTHER COMPETITORS.

The annual Illustrated Newspapers Invitation Golf Meeting, organised by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., was held at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club on September 6. In the group above, the Vice-Chairman, Mr. C. Snelling, is seen with Mr. P. Battle, the winner of the *Sphere* Cup.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE B.A.:
SIR ALEXANDER FLECK.

Sir Alexander Fleck, F.R.S., who is Chairman of I.C.I., has been elected President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science for 1958. He will be installed as President in London next January.



A FAR EAST APPOINTMENT: VICE-
ADMIRAL SIR GERALD GLADSTONE.

Vice-Admiral Sir Gerald Gladstone is to take up his appointment as C-in-C., Far East Station, in October. Since 1955 he has been Commander, Allied Naval Forces, Northern Europe. His new appointment was announced last December.



NEW DIRECTOR OF THE W.R.N.S.:
SUPERINTENDENT HOYER-MILLAR.

Superintendent E. L. E. Hoyer-Millar, who is fifty-six, is to be director of the W.R.N.S. in succession to Commandant Dame Nancy M. Robertson. Superintendent Hoyer-Millar took the first party of W.R.N.S. to Normandy.



AN ATOMIC ENERGY APPOINTMENT:
SIR W. L. OWEN.

Sir William Leonard Owen, who is an engineer and played an important part in planning the Calder Hall atomic power station, has been appointed Managing Director of the Industrial Group of the Atomic Energy Authority from Sept. 1.



IN ISTANBUL ON HIS STATE VISIT TO TURKEY: THE KING OF
AFGHANISTAN (LEFT), WITH THE TURKISH PRESIDENT, CELAL BAYAR.
King Mohammed Zahir Shah of Afghanistan, accompanied by members of his Cabinet, arrived in Turkey for a State visit on Aug. 26. It was reported recently that a substantial new offer of aid to Afghanistan had been made by Russia.



LEADING FIGURES AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION MEETING IN DUBLIN: PROFESSOR BLACKETT, THE PRESIDENT
OF THE ASSOCIATION, IS FIFTH FROM THE RIGHT.

The 119th annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science opened in Dublin on Sept. 4. Above are some of the leading figures who attended the inaugural meeting. From l. to r. are Sir A. Fleck, to be President next year of the Association; Professor A. V. Hill, Sir Robert Robinson, Dr. M. Tierney, Professor J. M. O'Connor, Professor P. M. S. Blackett, the President, Mr. de Valera, the Prime Minister of Eire, Mr. J. Carroll, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Dr. A. J. McConnell and Mr. B. O'Kelly.

A MANCHESTER STORE BURNT DOWN.



DURING THE BLAZE WHICH DESTROYED A FAMOUS MANCHESTER STORE: FIREMEN FIGHTING THE FIRE AT PAULDEN'S LTD.



AS A 40-FT.-HIGH WALL CRASHED TO THE GROUND: FIREMEN WATCHING THE COLLAPSE OF THE BUILDING THEY WERE FIGHTING TO SAVE.



DURING MANCHESTER'S BIGGEST FIRE SINCE THE WAR: FIREMEN PLAYING THEIR HOSES ON THE STORE AFTER THE WALLS HAD COLLAPSED.

FIREMEN, using twenty-five pumps, took over five hours to control a fire which broke out on September 8 at Paulden's Department Store in Cavendish Street, All Saints, Manchester. The roof of the building fell in within an hour of the fire being reported at 5.20 p.m., and by 11 p.m. only part of the main shell of the building remained. A wall 40 ft. high and 25 yards long crashed to the ground but no one was injured, and firemen again escaped unhurt when another wall at the side of the store fell into the street. The huge crowd which gathered to watch the scene had moved back as the flag-pole toppled, and they were at a safe distance when, with a roar, the store's tower crashed to the ground. More than twenty small fires were caused by sparks in adjacent property, but they were quickly dealt with.

MALAYAN INDEPENDENCE CEREMONIES.

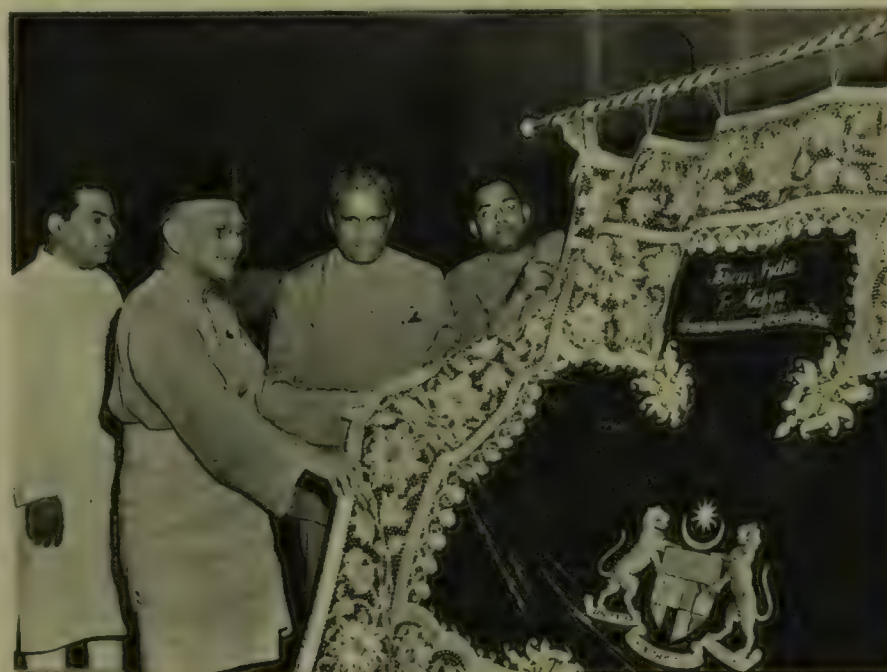
AMONG the official events which took place in Kuala Lumpur following the proclamation of Malayan independence was the State opening on September 3 of the Malayan Federal Legislative Council. The new Head of State of the Federation, who has the title of King, and was elected to the office by his fellow-rulers for a period of five years, opened the Council with an address, which he delivered in English. In his speech he referred to his Government's new surrender terms to the Malayan jungle terrorists. Military operations would be continued against the terrorists, he said, but it was hoped that the surrender terms would be acceptable to some of them. A number of foreign countries were represented at the independence ceremonies, and gifts to celebrate the occasion were made to the Head of State—among them, a stool from Ghana and a banner from India. An account of other independence ceremonies in Malaya appears elsewhere in this issue.



AT THE STATE OPENING OF THE INDEPENDENT MALAYAN LEGISLATURE: THE HEAD OF STATE, LEFT, MAKING AN ADDRESS.



AMONG THE GIFTS TO THE MALAYAN HEAD OF STATE ON THE OCCASION OF MALAYAN INDEPENDENCE: A STOOL IS PRESENTED FROM GHANA.



A GIFT FROM ANOTHER COMMONWEALTH COUNTRY TO CELEBRATE MALAYAN INDEPENDENCE: A FINE VELVET BANNER, INSCRIBED "FROM INDIA TO MALAYA."

AN UNUSUAL LAUNCHING; AN OIL-DRILLING BARGE; AND A BRUTAL LONDON MURDER.



A SHIP THAT WILL NEVER SAIL: A REPLICA OF *SUSAN CONSTANT* BEING LAUNCHED OUTSIDE WOOLWICH TOWN HALL BY LADY MOUNTBATTEN. On September 5 Lady Mountbatten launched a ship that will never sail. The ceremony took place outside Woolwich Town Hall and the ship was a replica of *Susan Constant*, which carried the first British settlers to Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607. The ship is being used at the Woolwich Searchlight Tattoo in a re-enactment of the landing. The fully-rigged replica was launched with a bottle of James River water, which was specially flown to England by the United States Air Force.



WHERE THE BODY OF FOUR-YEAR-OLD EDWINA TAYLOR WAS FOUND AFTER A FIVE-DAY NATION-WIDE SEARCH: THE BASEMENT OF A HOUSE IN ST. AUBYN'S ROAD, UPPER NORWOOD, LONDON.



BEING TOWED THROUGH THE STRAIT OF DOVER ON THE WAY TO THE PERSIAN GULF: THE *ADMA ENTERPRISE*, A 4500-TON FLOATING OIL-DRILLING BARGE. The *Adma Enterprise*, a 4500-ton floating oil-drilling barge built at Schacht-Audorf, on the Kiel Canal, was recently towed through the Strait of Dover on its way to the Persian Gulf. The barge, which is 200 ft. long by 100 ft. wide, has four retractable legs which can be lowered to the sea bed.



GUARDED BY THE POLICE: THE HOUSE IN ST. AUBYN'S ROAD IN THE BASEMENT OF WHICH LITTLE EDWINA TAYLOR'S BODY WAS FOUND ON A COAL HEAP. After a nation-wide search the body of four-year-old Edwina Taylor, who had been missing from her home in Tudor Road, Upper Norwood, since August 31, was found in the cellar of a house only a quarter of a mile away on September 5. A *post mortem* examination disclosed that she had died from strangulation. On September 9 Derrick Edwardson, aged thirty-one, a factory labourer, of St. Aubyn's Road, Upper Norwood, was charged with the murder of Edwina Taylor. A few hours earlier Edwardson, for whom there had been a nation-wide search, had walked into Wealdstone Police Station, Middlesex.

A MISCELLANY OF NEWS PICTURES FROM OVERSEAS.



WITH THE CASING IN POSITION FOR THE SINGLE REINFORCED CONCRETE SPAN OF ITALY'S MOST MODERN BRIDGE—AT SAN GIUSTINA.

This bridge—85 yards long and 13 ft. wide—is being built at San Giustina, in the Venetian Alps between Feltre and Belluno, and crosses the gorge below at a height of 525 ft.



GRANDMA MOSES, THE FAMED AMERICAN PAINTER, WITH SOME OF THE NINETY-SEVEN ROSES A GROUP OF ADMIRERS SENT ON HER NINETY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY.

Anna Mary Robertson was born on September 7, 1860, married Thomas S. Moses in 1887 and became a widow in 1927. She began to paint in earnest in 1930, had her first one-man show in 1940 (when eighty), and her first London exhibition last year.



WHERE THE CUBAN REVOLT STARTED: CAYO LOCAL, AT THE NAVAL BASE OF CIENFUEGOS—SEEN FROM THE AIR.

Early on September 4, partisans of the Cuban rebel leader Fidel Castro, aided by some police and naval police, briefly seized power at the naval base of Cienfuegos. On September 6 the Cuban Government reported the town recaptured.



A RUSSIAN AIRLINER IN AMERICA: THE TU-104 JET AIRCRAFT, WHICH CARRIED RUSSIAN OFFICIALS FOR THE U.N. ASSEMBLY, AT A NEW JERSEY AIRFIELD. Late on September 4, a Russian airliner landed in the United States carrying officials to the U.N. Assembly. It flew from Moscow via London, Iceland and Goose Bay. For part of the journey an R.A.F. crew gave navigational assistance, for the last leg an American crew. The aircraft was one of the latest Russian types.



THE GOVERNOR OF BRITISH GUIANA, SIR PATRICK RENISON (CENTRE), WITH THE NEW EXECUTIVE COUNCIL AFTER THE SWEARING-IN AT GEORGETOWN.

Our photograph shows (l. to r.): Mr. Ramkarram (Communications and Works), Mr. F. W. Essex (Financial Secretary), Mrs. Janet Jagan (Labour, Health and Housing), Mr. F. D. Jakeway (Chief Secretary), Sir Patrick Renison, Dr. Jagan (Trade and Industry), Mr. Edward Beharry (Natural Resources), Mr. Brindley Benn (Community Development and Education), and Mr. A. M. I. Austin (Attorney-General). Of these, Dr. and Mrs. Jagan, Mr. Beharry, Mr. Benn and Mr. Ramkarram are all members of Dr. Jagan's section of the People's Progressive Party, which was triumphant in the elections.



AFTER WINNING THE ITALIAN GRAND PRIX FOR BRITAIN: STIRLING MOSS (RIGHT) BEING CONGRATULATED BY THE WORLD CHAMPION, JUAN FANGIO (LEFT), OF ARGENTINA, AFTER THE RACE AT MONZA.



AT MONZA, ITALY: A VANWALL CAR OF THE TYPE IN WHICH STIRLING MOSS WON THE ITALIAN GRAND PRIX, ITALY'S PREMIER TRACK RACE.

On September 8, Stirling Moss finished a wonderful Grand Prix season for himself and the Vanwall when he won the Italian Grand Prix, the last race of the season which counted for the world championship. He defeated Fangio (driving a Maserati), who was second, and Von Trips, the leading Ferrari driver. It was the third Grand Prix triumph for the Vanwall and Stirling Moss.



OYSTERS ON A STRING: A PATTERN OF PROGRESS IN DENMARK, WHERE OYSTERS, CEMENTED TO NYLON LINES, ARE PUT OUT INTO DEEP WATER FOR THE FINAL FATTENING PROCESS—A NEW METHOD WHICH IS PRODUCING REMARKABLE RESULTS.

As long as men delight in food, oysters will be in demand, and the culture of oysters as gastronomical delicacies is as old as the art of good living. The basic art of oyster culture has changed little through the centuries and is carried out in four main operations, consisting of care of the beds, production, rearing and fattening. Normally the young oysters lie for about three years in special shallow beds until they have matured, when they are harvested with a dredge or tongs. But recently the Danish Oyster Company

in Denmark, who are renowned for producing some of the finest oysters in the world, have employed a new technique for the fattening process—which is the final stage in oyster culture. They are now cementing the oysters to nylon lines which are then put out into the water for about a month. At the end of this time it is a simple matter to pull in the neatly "tethered" oysters and take as many as are needed off the line. The Danish oyster farmers report remarkable results from this new method.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

JUST TO OBLIGE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

FIRMLY, I would put the latest Arts Theatre production, "A Lonesome Road," into any pigeon-hole designed for the quite needless play. It is a competent enough bit of play-making, but I cannot think why its authors, Philip King and Robin Maugham, felt that they were bound to make it, or why the directors of the Arts Theatre considered it richly worth production. We are to assume, I suppose, that to-day the mere

Edinburgh Festival had passed without throwing up one daily help. But we had a few uncommon and pleasant period pieces, of whom I hold in especially grateful memory Jock Carmichael, butler to Lady Athelstane in her "flat in a laund in the Canongait." The play is Robert McLellan's "The Flouers o' Edinburgh," set in about 1760 when English fashions were intruding upon Scottish manners, and good "stalwart Scots" (as Robert

Kemp calls it) was being watered down by a finicking English accent. (Some of the characters in "The Flouers o' Edinburgh" are, it seems, just the kind of people that urged upon Burns the need to write in English.) Jock Carmichael himself is a man that no fashion would affect. As Walter Carr acted him, he was blissfully idiosyncratic, awkward, wry, bent, shuffling sideways like a crab, and so glumly devoid of all airs and graces that one loved him for his very uncouthness. Just a "character," I dare say, and I have no idea how he appears in the text—some of his speeches, not that he says much, must puzzle a Southron—but at Edinburgh Mr. Carr created him as a genuine man. He was not externalising: this Jock had a life of his own where the maids of the little piece, the Jeanies and Susies, could

the "drunken butler," who now, at Stratford, looks like George Robey, or to Algernon Moncrieff's valet who appears in the first act of "The Importance of Being Earnest." Lane observes "I have only been married once. That was in consequence of a misunderstanding between myself and a young person." Lane, too, in reply to his master's "You're a perfect pessimist," has the unanswerable "I do my best to give satisfaction, sir." My favourite butler, one who has never failed to give satisfaction, is Death in Ben Travers's inimitable "Thark," a "very sinister-looking man who walks with a measured, gliding step, slightly on his toes," and who staggers visitors with his sepulchral proclamation, "It's only the last post."

They are all very obliging; and we have come a long way from "A Lonesome Road." The last play I saw before writing this article was Ustinov's "Romanoff and Juliet": it was a pleasure to observe how neatly it filled an intimate stage at the Birmingham Repertory. A most alert performance. When it was over I reflected, rather regretfully, that the dramatist had not created any domestic staff in his Ustinovia, "smallest country in Europe." At least, no one visible was present at the Embassy breakfasts to serve the Soviet caviar or the American cereals.

Now I move on, with some trepidation, towards a modern-dress "Macbeth." What will the



THE TWO-MAN REVUE WHICH HAS JUST PASSED ITS 200TH PERFORMANCE: "DROP OF A HAT," SHOWING MICHAEL FLANDERS (LEFT) AND DONALD SWAN.

The witty two-man revue, "Drop of a Hat," has just passed its 200th performance at the Fortune Theatre, where it first opened on January 24 last. In writing of it at that time, Mr. J. C. Trewin said: "I feel that even Gilbert might have applauded the intricate neatness of their numbers. This, in fact, is an entertainment that ought to fill the Fortune." It certainly has done so.

mention of homosexuality is enough to put a play on the stage. The Lord Chamberlain is equally resolute that a mere mention is enough to keep the piece confined to a club theatre. And so the business drags on.

Mr. King and Mr. Maugham have provided such a mechanical drama, that I do not feel impelled to write about it, except to explain that the young man on "a lonesome road" must "walk in fear and dread" of the frightful fiend of his past. He is acted quietly and ably by Michael Atkinson; but what happens to him in his Sussex village is not absorbing enough to discuss at length. In fact, since seeing the play, I have been haunted only by its least important figure, the Sussex village woman who comes in to oblige, and who has an exasperating habit of calling her husband "Cooper."

In her arch way she is a pleasant enough soul, and Hilary Mason seems to enjoy acting her; but by now we are beginning to quiver wearily at the mention of a daily woman. These have to be about the place, useful functionaries. Even so, dramatists cannot be trusted with them any more than your untried writer could once be trusted with a maid. I suppose all of us, in our time as fledgling dramatists—and who has not written a play?—have begun with a fussy Ellen or Lucy or Kate, and regretted it afterwards. Now this particular stencil is an anachronism; but the daily woman is there instead, talkative, heart-of-gold, with a husband waiting for her, and a few phrases of plot to drop carefully before she leaves the stage. Later, the dear soul will return to discover the body, or to give evidence, or to lament, or to be madly facetious in an overall, or to suggest a cup of tea.

She is, in fact, a "character," as much of a rubber-stamp as the parlourmaid used to be: I am wondering what developments she must endure before she, too, becomes an anachronism, and any form of household help is as "dated" as Shakespeare's Fools.

As I reflected moodily upon Mrs. Cooper, her way with coffee and meat pies, and her partiality to a dance now and again, it occurred to me that the

hardly be more than dummies.

Elsewhere at the Festival, we had Prunella Scales, primly capped, demonstrating the smart wear for a Berlin parlourmaid in Hasenclever's comedy from 1927, "Man of Distinction," and two amateur actresses playing charwomen in Peter Ustinov's French Revolution debate, "The Empty Chair," and doing it as clumsily as I have yet seen charwomen acted in the theatre. On second thoughts, I need say little more of these productions at present. For me the Festival of 1957—which, dramatically, I still hold excelled its predecessors—will rest in memory principally upon the excitement of "The Hidden King," the rich texture of "The Flouers o' Edinburgh," and (away from the theatre) upon the virtuosity of Sir John Gielgud in his astonishing Shakespeare recital.

Still, we were temporarily below-stairs, behind the baize door, or, less grandly, in the kitchenette. The daily helps who, at present, are "obliging" in our drama, derive from the useful slaves of Terence and Plautus. They are at the end of a long line of helpful domestics, men and maids ready to knit up the fabric of a play, or to throw in comic relief when the dramatist is tiring. Mrs. Cooper, making her meat pies in a Sussex cottage, is one of the line, though it would puzzle her very much to know it. I prefer butlers and valets myself. They still come up from time to time, and we still nod familiarly to Stephano,



A PLAY WHICH ON FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, WAS TO REACH ITS 1998TH PERFORMANCE AND THUS BECOME THE LONGEST-RUNNING "STRAIGHT" PLAY IN THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH THEATRE: "THE MOUSETRAP," SHOWING A SCENE FROM AGATHA CHRISTIE'S THRILLER AT THE AMBASSADORS THEATRE.

Agatha Christie's thriller, "The Mousetrap," which opened in London on November 25, 1952, was to reach its 1998th performance on Friday, September 13, when, by beating the record run of "Blithe Spirit," it would become the longest-running "straight" play in the history of the British theatre. There is now largely a new cast, and our photograph shows an up-to-date scene with (l. to r.) Major Metcalfe (David Raven), Giles Ralston (William Abney), Christopher Wren (Geoffrey Colville), Mrs. Ralston (Mary Law), Detective-Sergeant Trotter (Derek Blomfield) and Paravicini (Arthur Brough).

household arrangements be like in the three castles? I am particularly concerned with the Servant at Dunsinane. What sort of life was it for a man to be greeted with "The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon! Where got'st thou that goose look?" or to be told, simply, "Take thy face hence"? How Mrs. Cooper would have replied to this, I just cannot imagine.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE CROWN" (Garrick).—A comedy, with Thora Hird. (September 9.)

"THE ENTERTAINER" (Palace).—Sir Laurence Olivier in a new production of the play by John Osborne. (September 10.)



ON A TRAINING EXERCISE WITH ARCHÆOLOGICAL CONNECTIONS: FOUR ROYAL MARINE FROGMEN IN THE MOAT AT SALISBURY HALL, NEAR ST. ALBANS.



TRIUMPHANTLY SHOWING A "FIND": A NEWEL POST BEING HELD UP BY ONE OF THE FROGMEN, WHO WERE MUCH HAMPERED BY THE THICK WEEDS. FROGMEN IN A MOAT: A SEARCH FOR MEDIAEVAL STATUES IN HERTFORDSHIRE HAMPERED BY WEEDS AND LACK OF WATER.

On September 8, nine frogmen, members of the Royal Marine forces, V.R., City of London, spent some four hours in the moat at Salisbury Hall, London Colney, near St. Albans, searching for fourteenth-century religious statues believed to have been thrown in some 600 years ago by John de Montacute, who became third Earl of Salisbury. The frogmen were invited by the present occupant of Salisbury Hall, Mr. W. J. Goldsmith, an ex-marine officer, and

they treated the search as a training exercise. The search produced only a small lead vase, a pewter plate and the newel post seen above. Two heavy objects were located and an attempt to raise them will be made later. During their search the frogmen were much hampered by the thick weeds and by the fact that the water was only 3-4 ft. deep. They plan to return for a full-scale search in April when the water will be deeper and there should be fewer weeds.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

A FIRST novel which suffers from overcrowding, over-elaboration, and in fact a general urge to overdo it may have more virtue as well as promise than a discreet job. Thus, for example, I thought "The Micky-Hunters," by Alexander Baird (Heinemann; 13s. 6d.), far too keen on exploiting everything, explaining everything, and generally getting its tail in its mouth. But what an amazing start it is! The curtain goes up on a northern port (Liverpool, we gather), presented, as in a bird's-eye view, at once largely and minutely: and on three boys from a special school hunting for "mickies" (pigeons) in a bombed warehouse. Towards dark, they stumble over an act of robbery. The man and woman catch sight of them; the man gives chase, and falls to his death. Though they have done nothing, they are not merely horror-struck but in terror of being found out. And terrified of each other as witnesses. Jackie is the first to run; he knows that his friends will betray him, indeed have betrayed him, and that he will get no mercy, because he is coloured. Jackie's is the poignant figure: so worthy of sanctuary, and for a time so sure of having found it, along with the grey-haired man painting pictures on the wall of a church. But he can't ask for it; he doesn't know what "confession" means. And so they drive him away, to end his brief odyssey in the mud. And Ted is pleased, for now he can't split. Now if it were possible to "stop" Frankie... Ted, a spastic, but the clever one and the leader, believes in a nameless "power" you can draw on, if you are that kind. He is the right kind; it was his power that killed the man in the warehouse. Frankie didn't do anything, so he is certain to tell. So he must be "stopped"; it won't hurt him, because he doesn't really exist—not as Ted exists. And the power will find means, if Ted can only frighten him into bolting. As a matter of fact, he can't; Frankie is a bit simple, and has practically dismissed the warehouse as a terrible dream. However, he is quite willing to run away for fun. And so they set off, towards the "cast-iron shore" and the railway embankment...

The progress of the three boys, together or apart, through the industrial desert would have been quite enough. There was no need to insert the girl of the robbery, or the meditations and private life of Inspector Jones, or to repeat the same sequence in different contexts, or... a number of other things. But none of these spoil the vision.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Paper Dolls," by Laura Beheler (Peter Davies; 13s. 6d.), is also an outstanding début, though more regular and didactic. Ida's life as an only child in an American small town is made up of thunders and tears from the back bedroom, and cut-out paper dolls in an exercise-book. Her nearest and dearest are "Sands Chutney, English aristocrat, very rich," and "Agnes Eaves, blonde hair, very educated." For a little while she has her wonderful uncle Johnny, who plays the clarinet—but William runs him out of the house. That is the nature of husbands: to rule the roost, and make their wives cry... and then go off with somebody else. And the nature of life is to let one down. Finally, after being thrown back on the dolls so often, she is less and less tempted by it. "Best friends" are all very well, but there is friction. Real activities are a bore, to the bosom comrade of Sands Chutney and Agnes Eaves. A lover is indispensable; but when he wants to become a husband, and make her live in Topeka, Kansas—no, no!...

I was not "haunted," according to promise; and what I found most appealing in Ida was her lamentable nostalgia for the place and dreams of her childhood. Very well done, however.

"The Altars of the Heart," by Richard Leberherz (James Barrie; 10s. 6d.), is a short novel that might have been better as a short story. Grace Eberly, an American school-teacher, rather dowdy from stubbornness and despair of love, takes a trip abroad every year to "collect memories." And this summer, in Rome, she has met an Italian doctor who seems "interested." Umberto's real interest was in borrowing 500 dollars to get his mistress back home from Spain; and at the eleventh hour, by an unlikely, and for him very unlucky chance, she finds out.

"The Prisoner," by Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), is the self-told tale of a feckless, spineless would-be composer, "adopted" in a P.O.W. camp by the more practical and expansive Bernard. Now they have escaped, and are making for Bernard's unknown "war god-mother" in Lyons. However, Bernard is killed in a shunting-yard; and Gervais presents himself at the house under his friend's name, simply for a haven. In the claustrophobic setting of its huge rooms, gloomy furniture and departed consequence, Hélène has to give piano lessons, while her languid little half-sister practises as a clairvoyante. These two dislike each other acutely. The impostor is soon making love to Agnes, while engaged to Hélène; yet he is on thorns, because she does appear to have second sight. And then... violently strange events lead up to a mournful and horrid afterpiece, overpowering both in atmosphere and surprise.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IT seems hardly sufficient to write that Dr. Fazekas's winning the British Championship is the biggest surprise we chess-players have had for a generation. I feel I must give a few clues to the depth of our astonishment.

Every other year, the entry-list for the British Championship is weakened by the calls of the biennially-held International Team Tournament. Last summer, whilst the Championship was being held in Blackpool, Golombek, Wade, Penrose, Milner-Barry and Clarke were all away in Moscow, representing England, so were missing from the Championship lists. This year, all of them except Golombek were back. Last year Dr. Fazekas finished with 6 points in a tie for the ninth to sixteenth places, and was even, on the widely-accepted criterion of sum of opponents' scores, the poorest of the six.

This year, in an obviously stronger field, he finishes first with 8!

R. E. Rushbrook, captain of the Stock Exchange team in the London Chess League, came up to me at the start of this Championship waving a "book" he had made on contestants' relative chances (I doubt whether any actual bets were placed, though I would not put it beyond him).

I remember noticing the odds quoted against C. H. O'D. Alexander: 3 to 1. P. H. Clarke stood, I think, at 7 to 2 and L. W. Barden and J. Penrose in the 5 to 1 region. P. S. Milner-Barry, A. Y. Green and I and others had our prices. As far as I can recollect, Fazekas wasn't given a price at all.

Look at the ranking list, published annually by the British Chess Federation. Not a player really believes his own ranking does him justice; but as one and all are satisfied with everybody else's, I don't think there is much wrong with it.

In the last list, issued last December, Alexander, with Kottbauer, was graded 1A. In 1B were Golombek and Penrose. In 2A and 2B Aitken, Barden, Broadbent, Clarke, Courtney, Franklin, Friedman, Fuller, Green, Haygarth, Heidenfeld, Milner-Barry, Parr, Persitz, Phillips, Tabakiernik, Veitch, Wade, Wallis and myself.

Of the twenty-four players I have named, twelve were competing in this British Championship. Where is Fazekas's name? We haven't come to him yet! He was in Group 3A, together with twenty-three other players, none of whom would normally be regarded as his inferior.

Has his chess shown improvement lately? Nothing to speak of. Here, it seems appropriate to mention that he is fifty-nine—an age at which few people (apart from those aged fifty-nine) are wont to concede that there is any scope for improvement at all.

That he had a stroke five years ago may be a vital clue. If you think I am getting lightheaded—well, I am.

Has he been studying intensively? Training hard? If I am to believe his friends, coupled with the evidence of his games, he has never studied chess—as we know chess study nowadays—at all. There was probably not a player among the thirty-one others who contested the Championship who knew less "book" than he. His openings are bizarre.

Was he favoured by the draw? The "Swiss system" on which the Championship is organised does creak occasionally. In the last round it was a sheer toss-up whether he played P. H. Clarke or M. J. Haygarth; he got the latter, whom most would consider the weaker. His previous opponents having been Beach, myself, Newman, Penrose, Mardle, Barden, Thomas, Gibbs, Wade and Abrahams, however—seven of whom have played for England, and two others former British Universities champions. He certainly had no "weak" draw.

Has he retired, and suddenly been able to devote his whole attention to the game? Far from it; by all reports, this genial Buckhurst Hill G.P. has had an unusually busy year.

Genial he is, and wears his laurels modestly. He arrived from Czechoslovakia before the war, and lost no time in becoming naturalised. "I came with two ambitions," he confessed at the prize-giving ceremony; "to win the British Championship and to perfect my English. Now you have heard me you can see I still have a good expectation of life!"

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE ANIMAL WORLD, BRANCH LINES AND THE SCIENCE MUSEUM.

WALT WHITMAN was of the opinion that he could turn and live with the animals. I am very certain that I could not. Too many of them affect to despise me, while others are at no pains to conceal their active dislike. The cobra and I have (I hope) very little in common, and I have never succeeded in getting on terms with the hippopotamus. Of course there are the animals which are described as domestic, but in many respects this is a misnomer. Are cats, for instance, really "domestic"? Mr. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald seems to think so, although he suggests, reasonably enough, that the first domestication would not have been a deliberate act on the part of man; it seems probable that the first step was taken by the cat. That is very

true, and it applies to every subsequent act of domestication. You do not acquire cats by purchase, gift, adoption, or any other method; they acquire you. However, let me not quarrel with Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald, whose "Cats" (Penguin Handbook; 5s.) is as graceful a study as the subject demands. I must be pardoned if I take more than a passing interest in the activities of a cat called Toby, who disliked being removed from his home in Cornwall to Sittingbourne, in Kent, and decided to walk back. He took four months to cover the 300 miles, and walked into the house "fit and fat, though a little tired." Very creditable. But I cannot quote all the rare and wonderful anecdotes which the author recounts about individual cats. Here, however, are his wise comments on feline intelligence: "No human being can know for certain what goes on in a cat's mind. 'Cats are mysterious folk,' said Sir Walter Scott. 'There is more passing in their minds than we are aware.' We humans do not like what we cannot understand. It makes us feel uncomfortable. And many people feel uncomfortable in the presence of cats. That bland, unwinking stare can be most disturbing. The cat looks as if it is thinking; it may be, for all we know. It may even be thinking about us. Much better, much safer, to dismiss it straight away as an animal of no intelligence. Many people do." Anyone who is inclined to regard these sentiments as craven should go back and read Saki's "Tobermory." This book contains thirty-two pages of illustrations, including an array of noble cats, alley cats, surprised cats, furious cats, remote cats, sad cats, foreign cats, and just cats. We are, says Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald, a nation of cat-lovers. I must remember this, and repeat it to my dog when, as happens regrettably often, it needs chastening. But I need not tell my cat. It knows.

In their way, fish are almost equally disconcerting. It is not until they are dead that we can patronise them by questioning the freshness of salmon, despising cod or ignoring haddock. When they are alive, even if cooped up in small bowls, they swim slowly about, aware of the human presence as of something upon which it would be ill-mannered to remark. But the specimens illustrated and described in Dr. Edouard le Danois's "Fishes of the World" (Harrap; 63s.) have to be seen to be disbelieved. They are of all shapes, sizes and colours, some of them beautiful beyond description, rivalling tropical butterflies. Some of them, like the puffer-fish, the porcupine-fish, and the huge spotted-jewfish, are mere absurdities. The wolf-fish looks just like an alarming substitute for grannie in "Little Red Riding Hood." On picking this book up, I was seized with the ribald thought that a word had been omitted from the title, which should read: "Fishes of the World, Unite!" One glance through the rich and shimmering illustrations showed me the folly of this passing jest, for there is no sign of drab uniformity in the underwater world.

Still on the subject of animals, I found that Miss D. M. Stuart's "A Book of Birds and Beasts" (Methuen; 30s.) is well worth reading. It is one of those books which tempt one to begin at the end and work back to the beginning, for one loses nothing by adopting this reprehensible process. So I regaled myself with the life story of the great Duke of Wellington's charger, *Copenhagen*, before tracing horses, dogs and birds back to ancient times, picking up all kinds of useful information on the way. In her preface, Miss Stuart apologises for not having included cats, and promises that if readers like her book, she will write another specially to repair the omission. Please start at once, Miss Stuart.

"Branch Lines," by O. S. Nock (Batsford; 25s.), is highly evocative. It arouses memories of sleepy little trains, drawn by engines whose smokestacks tower over their tubby boilers; of one-track lines swelling proudly out into two as they near a station or a wayside halt. Branch lines, like the famous West Clare Railway on which I have travelled, will soon, one supposes, be things of the glorious past. The connoisseur who wants to travel by them had better plan his journeys quickly.

The famous *Rocke* locomotive is still to be seen at the Science Museum in South Kensington. To commemorate the centenary of this collection, the Stationery Office has published "The Science Museum" (15s.), containing twenty-one essays, which range from the Wells cathedral clock of the fourteenth century to turbojet engines. Long may the Museum flourish. I foresee many an afternoon with the very youngest O'Briens there!—E. D. O'BRIEN.

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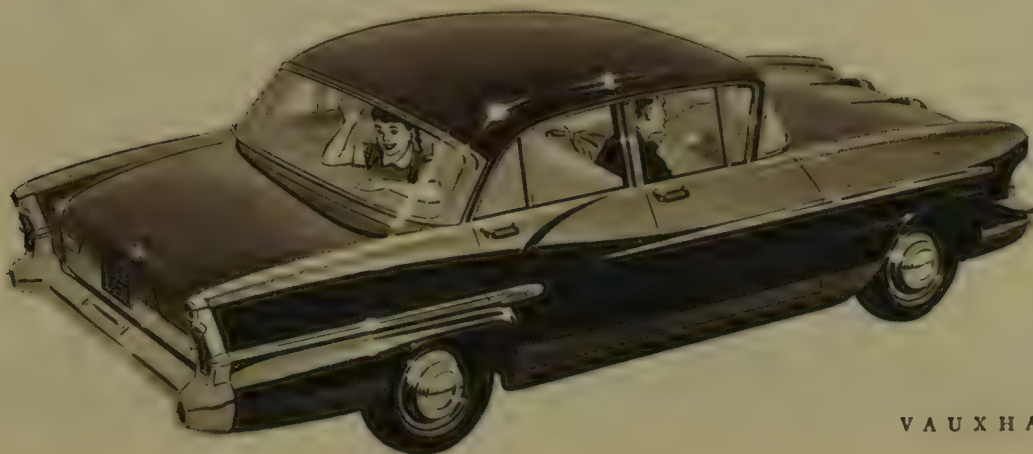
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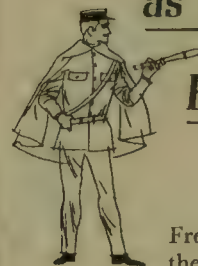
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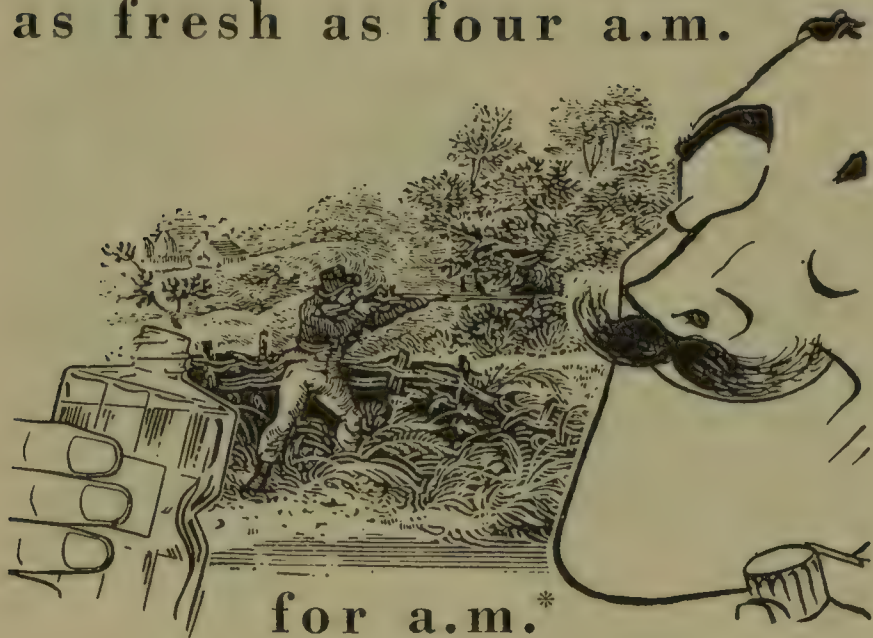
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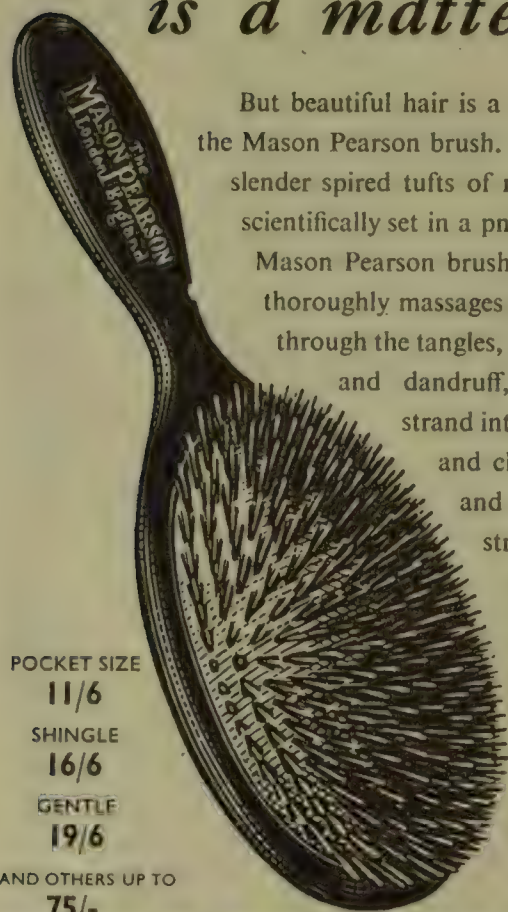
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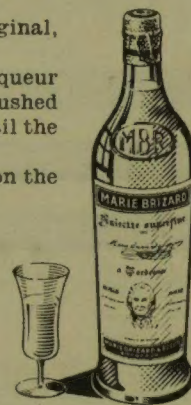
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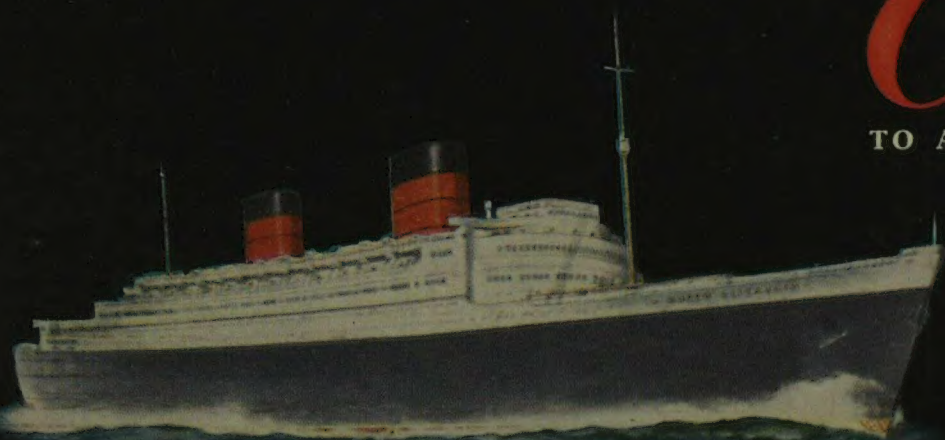
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